CHIRON RISING

MARCH, 1989 SPECIAL ISSUE

WARNING: THIS MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY GAY, SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

FORWARD

Congratulations! You have just purchased our version of ecstacy in print. You have also contributed toward our survival by buying the only product we don't lose our ass on. When our special issues sell briskly, we get to do extravagant things like pay past due auto insurance premiums or computer payments. Sometimes we use the windfall to refill our stamp meter because the U.S. Postal Service likes to be paid up front (they have no sense of benevolence). Unfortunately, we usually sell only 400 of these specials, which means that 1,000 of our subscribers don't buy them. Based on the complaints we get on the subject, it seems that a lot of our subscribers believe that specials should be included in the subscription price. We would therefore like to ask you more understanding (hornier?) readers to give a message to your less understanding brothers. Please advise them that ANY first class, explicit, pure entertainment magazine with no commercial ads will sell anywhere from $12 to $20. Publications with commercial ads (be sure to count the number of pages with just pure entertainment) will run you between $8 and $12. Those with more extreme subject matter can go for a whopping $39! With that in mind, consider that we charge subscribers $5.75 per issue for our less explicit regular editions and $12.95 for our special issues. One doesn't need a calculator to figure out why we charge extra for special issues. Moreover, it doesn't take a genius to realize that we are the best adult magazine bargain in the country. The bottom line, of course, is what you get out of reading CHIRON RISING.

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In this special issue, we proudly feature some of the best erotic artwork ever published. Artists such as RAM, SKUA, AARON, BIG EDDIE, JOHN R., JAYPEE, ALAISTER, COYOTE, BORDEN LEWIS and QUETZAL have contributed incredible drawings and cartoons which will push you to the limit and make you squirm with delight. Models such as SYRINX, JASON P. WILLIAMS, SPITFIRE, EX-LOGGER, EL CID, BEER CAN THICK, THE FRIAR, JOE, HARRY, THE BIKER and ROADRUNNER TOO lovingly offer you their best angles and positions. Writers such as BILL HARRIS, GHOSTJUMPER, WILD BILL, JONATHAN JAY, HAWFINCH, MARV SHAW and XYLOPHANG team up to bring you the best in fiction, poetry and essays. There is no doubt.....this is the best special issue yet and we want to thank all our contributors from the bottom of our hearts.

PAT AND THE FRIAR

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INSIDE BACK COVER: IN CLOSING....."THE OLD WOLF" BY MARV SHAW

COVER:

BUTCH.....photo by P.H. Colley

LETTERS

Dear Pat and The Friar: Congratulations on a great new look and name for our unique publication. CHIRON RISING continues to have a tremendous positive impact on my life. As an enthusiastic subscriber and collector of eleven issues, I'm delighted to see you grow stronger and more vibrant. Gentlemen, I have a soft spot in my heart and a hard spot in my crotch for CHIRON RISING and the concept it represents. You touch my very soul and I am deeply impressed. As a relatively young admirer (33), my own Silver Centaur of twelve years (62) and I look forward to your continued success. Thanks for reaching out. G.T./Sacramento

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Dear Pat and The Friar: The stories you related in the "In Closing" section upset me. As a volunteer for a local support organization for seniors, I make weekly visits to an 82 year old man. It started out as a duty that I felt I had to do to assuage my social conscience, but it has evolved into a very enjoyable and rewarding part of my life. The relationship would be even more open and more nurturing if he were gay--I feel obliged to give non-answers when he asks about my personal life. I just wonder whether it would be worthwhile for you to consider a separate section for personal ads that are primarily looking for friends rather than sex partners ("Friendship Corner," perhaps?) It may encourage some of those who want friends to reach out and ask plainly without feeling the obligation to put on a braggadocio front. Y.L./Wisconsin.

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Dear Pat and The Friar: Let us direct our efforts to help those who reach out toward our helping hands but then, for reasons we so far do not know, do not have the strength to firm the grip and suddenly are not with us any longer. I am referring to your sad stories under "In Closing," page 54, FEB-MAR 89. We will have to find a way to convince those who are on the verge of giving up that they are needed and wanted, that they can fill a void in somebody else's life maybe more empty than theirs. I agree, we do need psychologists and counselors who can help us by helping those unfortunate, those who have lost a companion and see no way out but ending their lives. I have the privilege of knowing someone who is not turned on by all the beautiful models in CHIRON RISING. He does not realize, however, that he himself could be one of the top models in CHIRON RISING. This might have been the reason why the "L.A. subscriber in his 70's" could not see the opening in the tunnel. We must encourage those guys to reach out their hands to us, to offer; they certainly are needed. All that all of us need is one lover and maybe a couple of friends. Chiron is rising, and the sun will shine again if we allow. L.L./Washington, D.C.

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Dear Pat and The Friar: It's good to get in touch with you good people again. After going into seclusion for over a year due to my relationship of 15 years terminating, I've started to get my head and my life back together. And I'm grateful there are beautiful people like you, putting out a labor of love like CHIRON RISING. You folks are the most caring, helping and considerate people I've ever dealt with. In all my years of dealing with mail order, male erotic publications, I've never come across such incredibly good, sincere people like yourselves. I mean, you bail out readers if they're low on funds and can't pay for their subscriptions. Who else would do that? Not any other publication I know of. Thanks for your great service. A.S./Montana

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Dear Pat and The Friar: I just want to take this opportunity to express my deepest thanks to you and your wonderful subscribers for the great response to my article and personal ad. The response has been tremendous and not one sour grape in the bunch. I am proud to be a subscriber and to have had the opportunity to meet so many great people through correspondence and by telephone. CHIRON RISING has also brought into my life a tremendous person--the one I have searched for through the years. And from all indications, I am what he has been searching for since his lover of ten years passed away. Both of us were looking for a monogamous relationship. We both want you to know that if it had not been for the magazine and your kindness, we would not have found each other. We are both very much in your debt for this and we want you to know that we will continue to be supporters of the magazine. We have completely dedicated ourselves to each other and we are going to give our relationship everything we have to make it work. We wish to express our appreciation for what you are doing for so many of us that have needed a magazine of this nature to help us get a new start in life. You are the proof that it is never too late if one will just put forth the effort. Many times we had felt that the world had crashed down upon us. Now, we have new hope and a new start. We are going to do our best to make the most of it. Again, our heartfelt thanks. Doug Sullens and Brad/Arkansas

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue and all may be written to. Write to them the same way you would write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for fowarding.

AARON is a highly talented artist who lives with his equally talented (in the movie and television industries) partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine.

ALAISTER is a 44 year old Italian/American artist/writer, who hails from Pennsylvania. This tall, slender lover of older men has a bold, sexy style and is published widely.

BEER CAN THICK, 64, 5'-8", 200# and slick headed, lives in Arizona and travels the West and Northwest during the summer. This super butch stick of dynamite has a rod that is 8" AROUND and is looking for 45 to 70 year old buddies to give it to.

BIG EDDY is 66, pink, hairless, stocky, nicely endowed New Yorker, who draws a mean Bruiser Type. He likes them butch, burly, barrel chested and beer bellied and does the book with hunks, 35 and older. He loves to exchange photos and hot drawings.

THE BIKER is yet another discover of KENT JUSTICE. He's 66, a rugged outdoors type and a retired construction work who lives in the Florida panhandle. This incredibly handsome man enjoys the company of masculine, younger men who can relate to a mature guy who loves life to the fullest.

JOE BISHOP is a remarkably popular model from Mississippi and is one of our pioneer SILVER CENTAURS. With the help of his lover, HARRY, this strikingly photogenic man brought us a new dimension in photography and helped bring other models out of their closets.

EL CID, a 60ish, short/stocky, ex-pro athlete and truck driver, hails from Southern California and is one of the most considerate, loving people we've ever known. Imagine this gorgeous man, showing up at a party, dressed as Santa Clause. He has, twice. "Guess what Santa's got for you under his red nightshirt?"

COYOTE, 32, was born and raised in West Texas like your editor. Besides being one of the most inventive artists we've ever seen, this bright young man is lean and youthful, with light brown hair and blue eyes--and he's looking for a mature soulmate. He's versatile and easygoing, yet responsible--like the coyote. Shy but wild....wild but shy.

EX-LOGGER is back by awesome demand! This rapturous looking ***man's*** man has been known to make jaded cocksuckers drool in their pants and was our very first undisguised model. Yes, this extraordinary man started it all and we'll never be able to repay him. EX-LOGGER lives with his younger, 50 year old lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest, wintering in Mexico.

THE FRIAR is the inspiration for the creation of this publication. He is none other than the publisher/editor's 68 year old lover and Associate Editor/Chief Financial Officer of CHIRON RISING. Subscribers who come by to meet your publisher/editor usually leave, madly in love with him. Shy, yet photogenic, THE FRIAR reluctantly allows his photos to appear from time to time....to enthusiastic applause.

GHOSTJUMPER, a Washington D.C. area chub lover and Girth and Mirth member, is very special to us. A 40ish, vibrant, humorous sweetheart with a heart of gold, GHOSTJUMPER has a moving story to tell. This man loves more mature Big Men and, someday, will make one special Big Man very, very happy.

BILL HARRIS also writes a column and has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Boston with his lover.

HARRY is one half of JOE AND HARRY. This super specimen has a body like JOE and eyes that mesmerize. This man is a genius with a camera and has been known to do a mean video.

HAWFINCH is a 70 year old, trim, attractive Canadian, who has traveled widely and is very knowledgeable about world-wide gay travel spots. He enjoys writing letters and sharing explicit sexual experiences

JONATHAN JAY is a writer/artist who lives with his SWAN model lover in Virginia. JONATHAN JAY's poetry is highly unusual and wonderfully erotic, which aptly describes his artwork. This very talented man also writes quality erotic fiction.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/writer/photographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subscribers for us.

BORDEN LEWIS is a 32 year old graphic designer, who resides in Southern California with his 41 year old partner. "Elio," his incredibly erotic cartoon creation, is about 62, married, but always ready to get together with one of more of his buddies, who will be recurring characters.

QUETZAL in another Virginian who creates the best comics in gay publications today. His GOLDEN GOODIES strip, published exclusively in CHIRON RISING regular issues, is a scream. His BACKSTAGE AT THE OVER 50 is a little more graphic and is published exclusively in our Special Issues. QUETZAL lives with his silver fox lover near Washington, D.C.

JOHN R. is a European senior who has been with us from the very beginning and who has supplied us with some great material. Look for more hot photography and some unique artwork in future issues. If you would like to write this hunk, make sure you place $ .45 worth of stamps on your inside envelope.

RAM, like AARON, is considered one of the best erotic artists on the international gay scene today. RAM, a highly celebrated professional artist, is in his late 40's and lives in the Midwest with a 68 year old retired ex-mover and shaker in the business world. RAM is the brilliant creator of our new cover design.

MARV SHAW is a talented Southern Califonia writer who has written a series of fascinating fables--or as he calls them, "gaybles." Marv says that his gaybles have various themes, but the most often recurring is that of acceptance. His gables last appeared in a short lived periodical called ON THE SCENE.

SKUA, a 64 year old retired artist, lives in Baltimore. This good looking, talented, lithely built man loves art, music, pets, gardening and astrology. The letters are pouring in from his new fans and he's cranking out the work like crazy. This man has the compassion of a saint and spends all his free time taking care of infirm friends.

SPITFIRE is a 47 year old Virginian with a head of white hair and big, powerfully muscled, tatooed arms. At 5'-8" and 200 pounds, this bruiser is a bundle of dynamite and is hung to boot! He's tame, though, and has lived for 23 years with his 71 year old, 300 pound lover.

SYRINX is the pen name for one of our principal writers. Anyone with half a brain and marginal vision can figure out which one. Suffice it to say that he looks completely normal with a cock in his mouth.

WILD BILL is a senior from Florida who lives up to his name better than anyone we know. He is a marvelous writer and photographer, as well as an erotically magnetic model. WILD BILL lives with his partner, better known as J.J. DODGE, who is our computer consultant and, on occasion, model agent.

JASON P. WILLIAMS is a very clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. JASON is a magazine editor and author of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction. Pure talent. He's also a stunning model and artist, going by the name JAYPEE.

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication.

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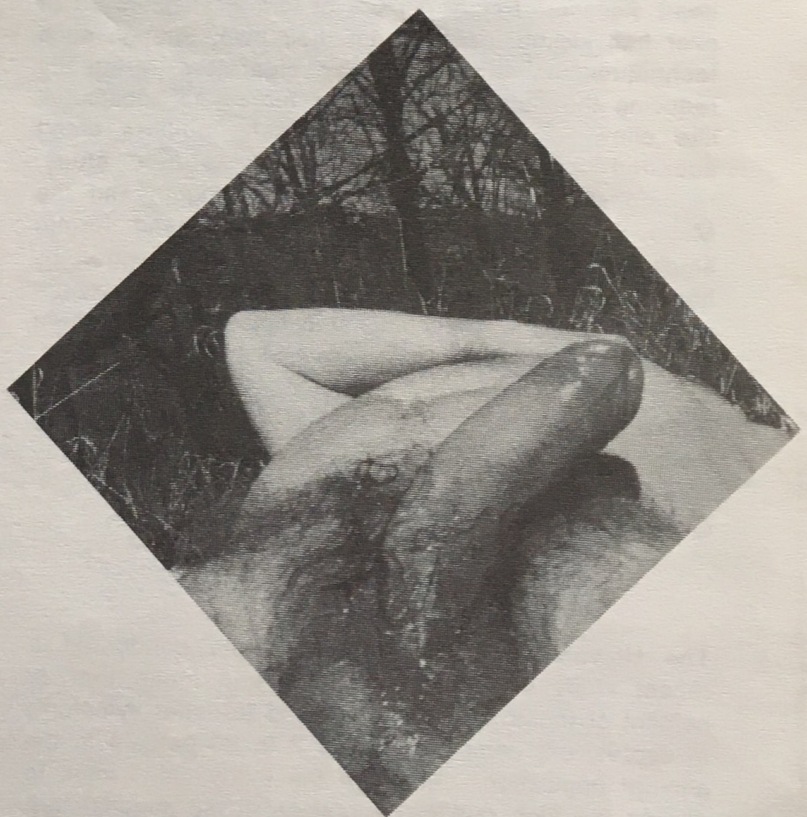


NEWSFRONT

SENIOR SMOKERS

The majority of older American smokers would like to quit, but experience more difficulty in stopping than younger smokers. The American Association of Retired Persons conducted a study which found that, of the 3,000 members polled, 65% of smokers aged 50 and older would like to quite in 1989. The organization is embarking on a campaign to assist members to quit smoking this year. A quarter of the respondents said they had never tried to quit smoking and many said they had trouble quitting because they worried about losing one of life's pleasures or didn't think they could resist the craving. Experts insist that people still smoking past 50 are usually addicted and the AARP survey bore that out. Smokers surveyed had been puffing an average of 46 years and tended to light up within 30 minutes of waking up, a sure sign of addiction. The survey also found that smokers were less likely than non-smokers to get routine medical examinations, suggesting that smoking discourages people from seeking preventive health care. Older smokers often are ignored in smoking research, but the new survey follows a study that suggests they can benefit as much as younger smokers from quitting, at least in terms of reducing the risk of heart disease. Ninety percent of former smokers 50 or over had kicked the habit on their own, through such techniques as throwing away cigarettes, gradually reducing the number smoked or turning to substitutes like chewing gum. Most successful quitters didn't succeed on their first try. In another study, researchers at the University of Washington and the Mayo Clinic monitored 1,900 smokers and former smokers aged 54 and over with arteries clogged by heart disease. Over a six year period, the researchers reported that the continuing smokers were 70 percent more likely to die than those who had quit.

[Editor's Note: Are you a smoker with a non-smoking lover who occasionally looks at you misty eyed as you smoke? Give him a birthday present he'll never forget. Quit smoking .....for his sake.]

DEPRESSION IN THE ELDERLY

The University of Southern California conducted a recent study of elderly Hispanics and found that 26 percent of those studied were found to suffer symptoms of depression, compared to the 2 to 20 percent in the general population. Although the study didn't seek to explain the high rate of depression, it did suggest that those who are depressed also tend to be isolated, have low incomes and suffer disabilities that limit their mobility. Since these conditions also apply to many elderly homosexuals, the study results are noted as follows: The researchers found that over 10 percent of those interviewed suffered major depression symptoms like weight loss, sleep disturbances, concentration problems and suicidal tendencies. Another 16 percent suffered "dysphoria," a milder depression in which a person feels "down," "blue," discouraged or demoralized. "Depression was strongly linked with medical disability," said Bryan Kemp, a USC clinical associate professor of psychiatry. "One possibility worth exploring is whether impaired health leads to limitations in activities that then cause changes in social activities and life satisfaction," he said. Kemp said the failure to obtain treatment for depression may occur because older people are less likely than young people to talk about their moods to their doctors.

[Editor's Notes:

1. If you think the statement, "....impaired health leads to....changes in social activities and life satisfaction," is profound, please place your head in an oven.

2. Other much more probable reasons for seniors not discussing their moods to doctors are: the stigma of having depression or mental illness; the incredible fear (and denial) of becoming senile or contracting Alzheimer's disease; and the common knowledge that most doctors don't attempt to treat grief and loneliness, states of mind that seniors are disproportionately exposed to.]

THE POETRY OF JONATHAN JAY

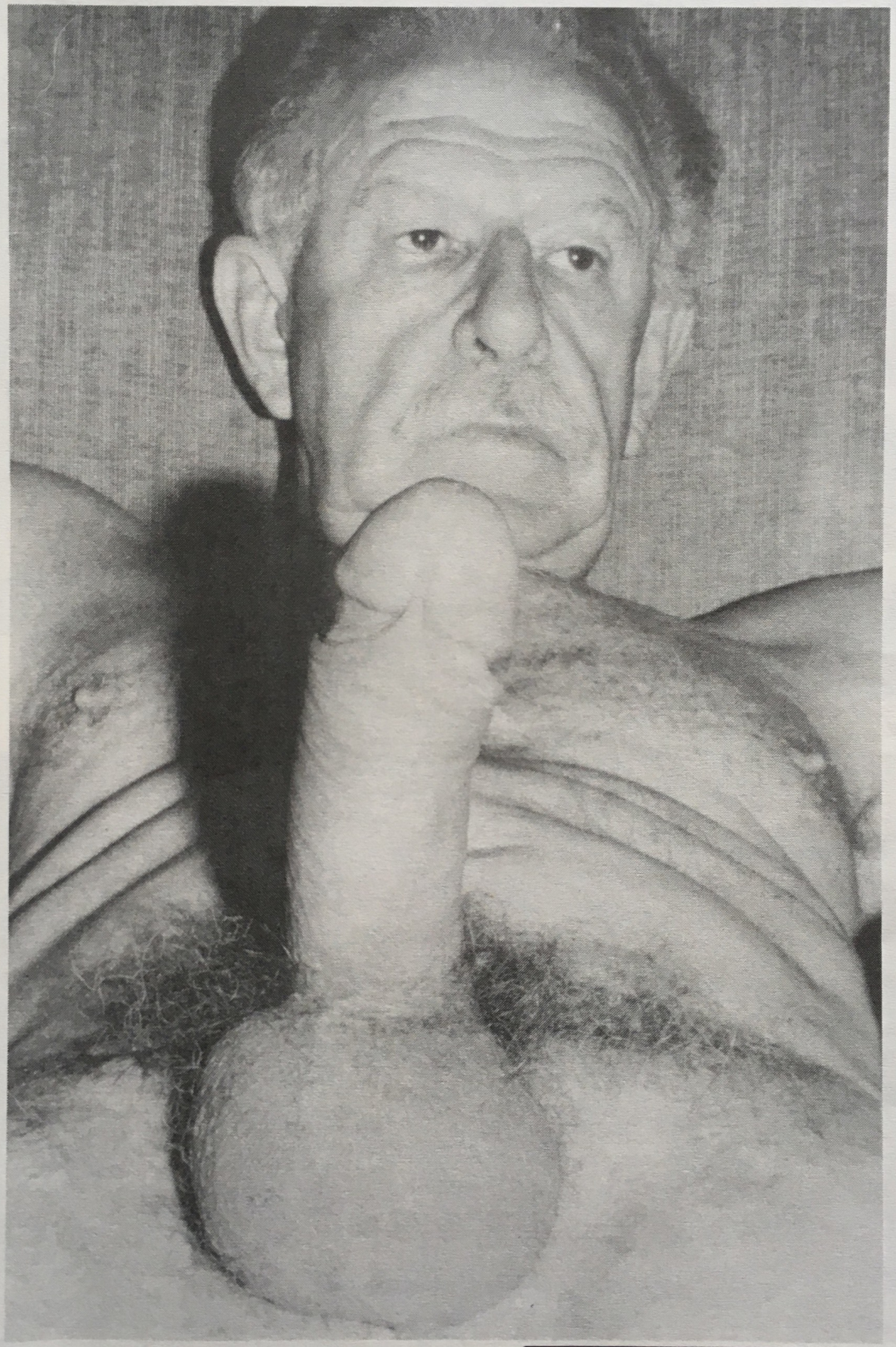
BEN

I'm sixty-six, retired. Call me Ben.
I train with weights--heavy ones, yeah. I've pressed
Three hundred pounds. I got a damn good chest;
It's fifty inches around. Gets measured when

I enter competitions for senior men,
Where, almost always, I take awards for Best
Physique. My secret? None. Just say I'm blessed
With good genetics, discipline, and a yen

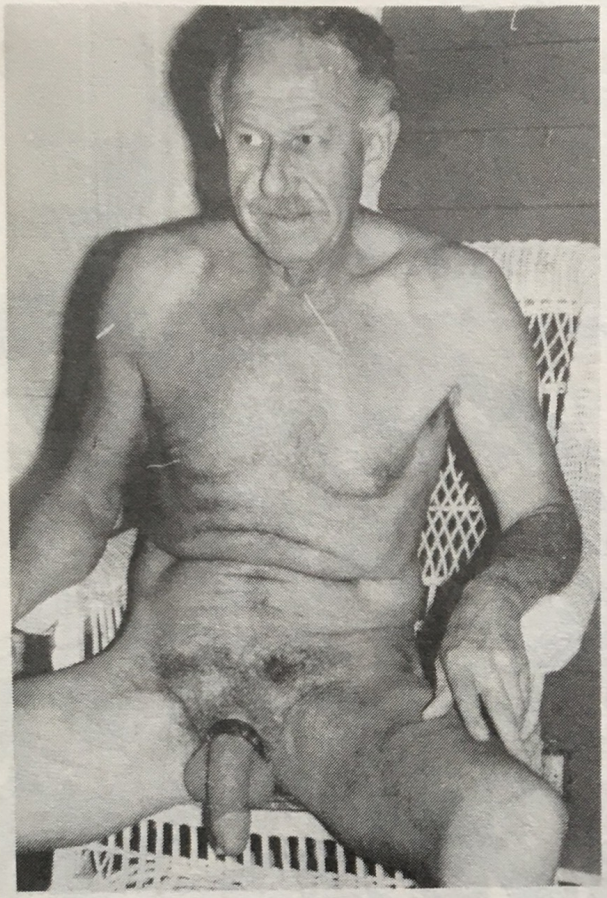
To win. I love to strut across a stage
And pose in little trunks. It takes some guts,
If you're bald and jowly, to let the judges gauge

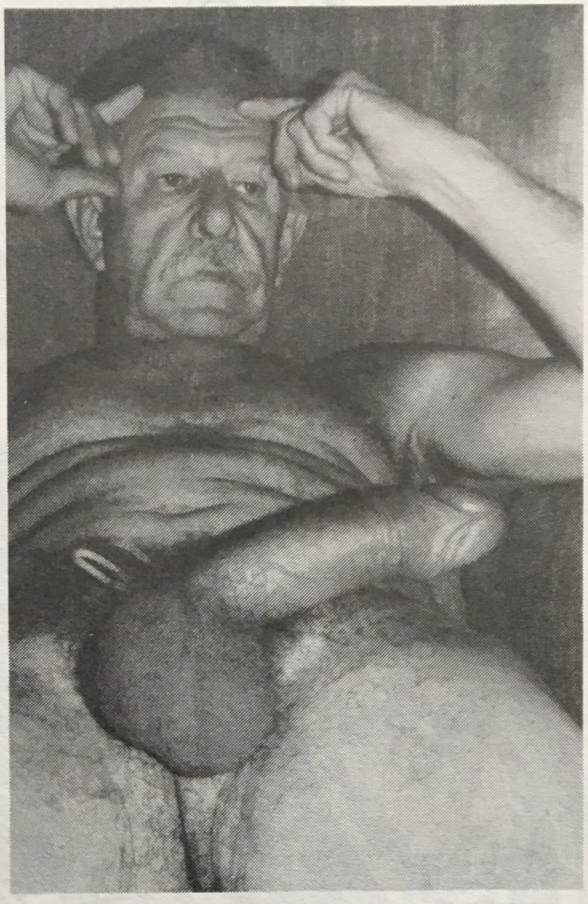
You. But you know the part that drives me nuts?
The showers, where the rugged guys my age
All hug and laugh and pat each other's butts.



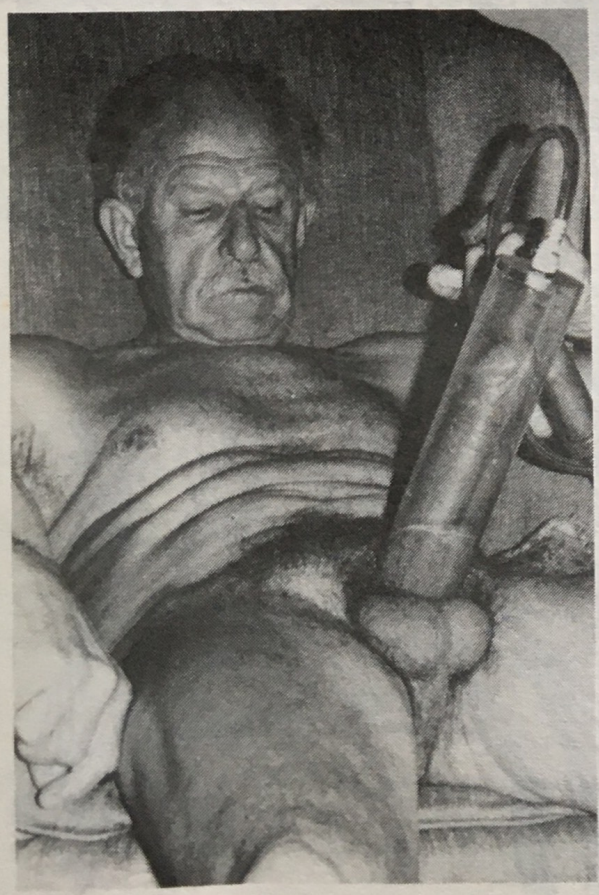
JOE.....photo by HARRY

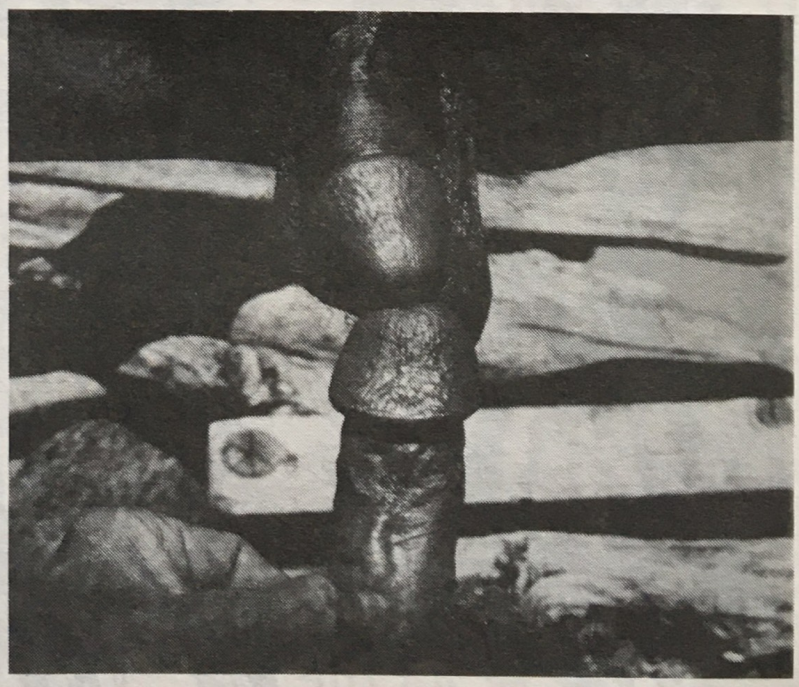
HARRY.....photo by JOE

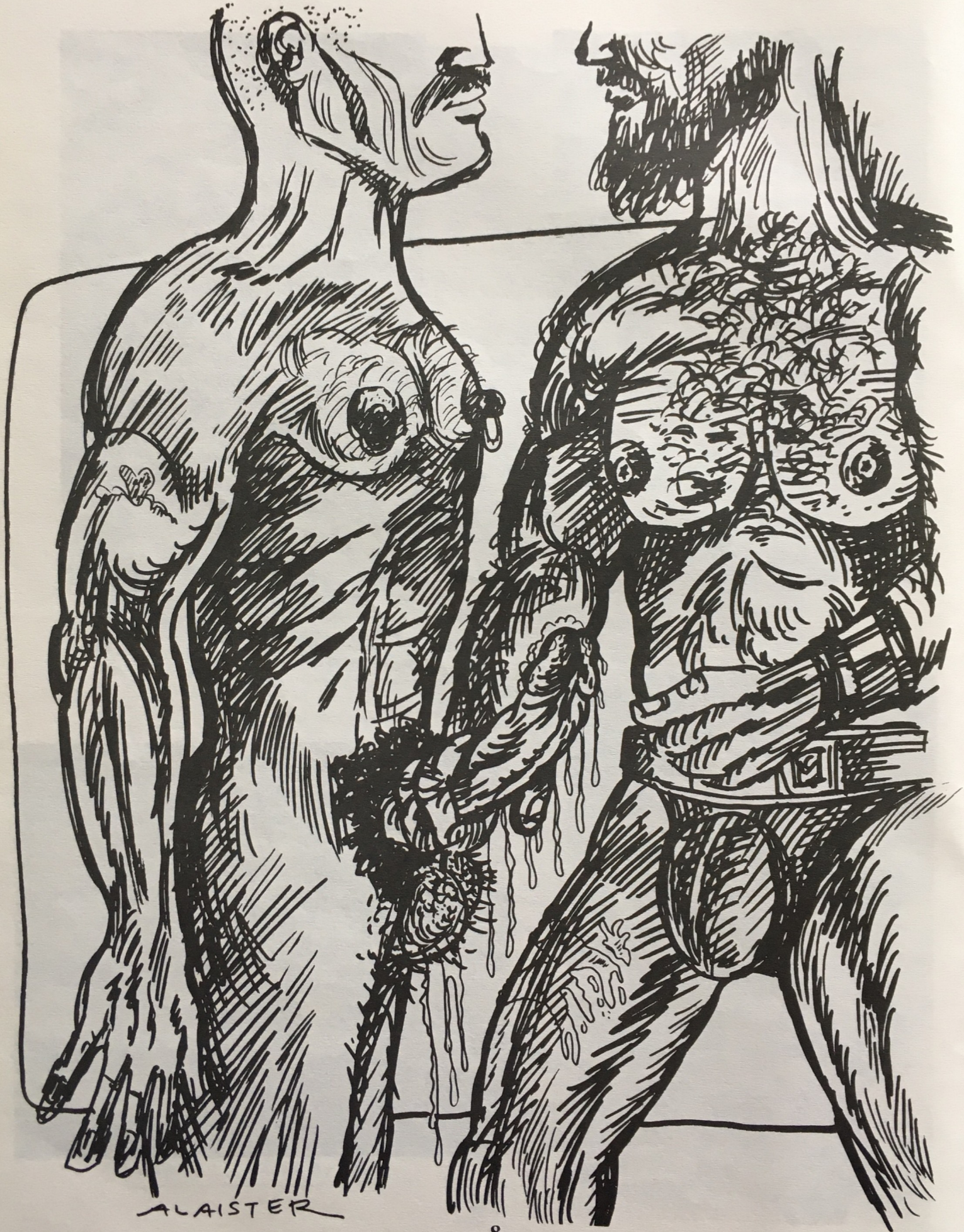


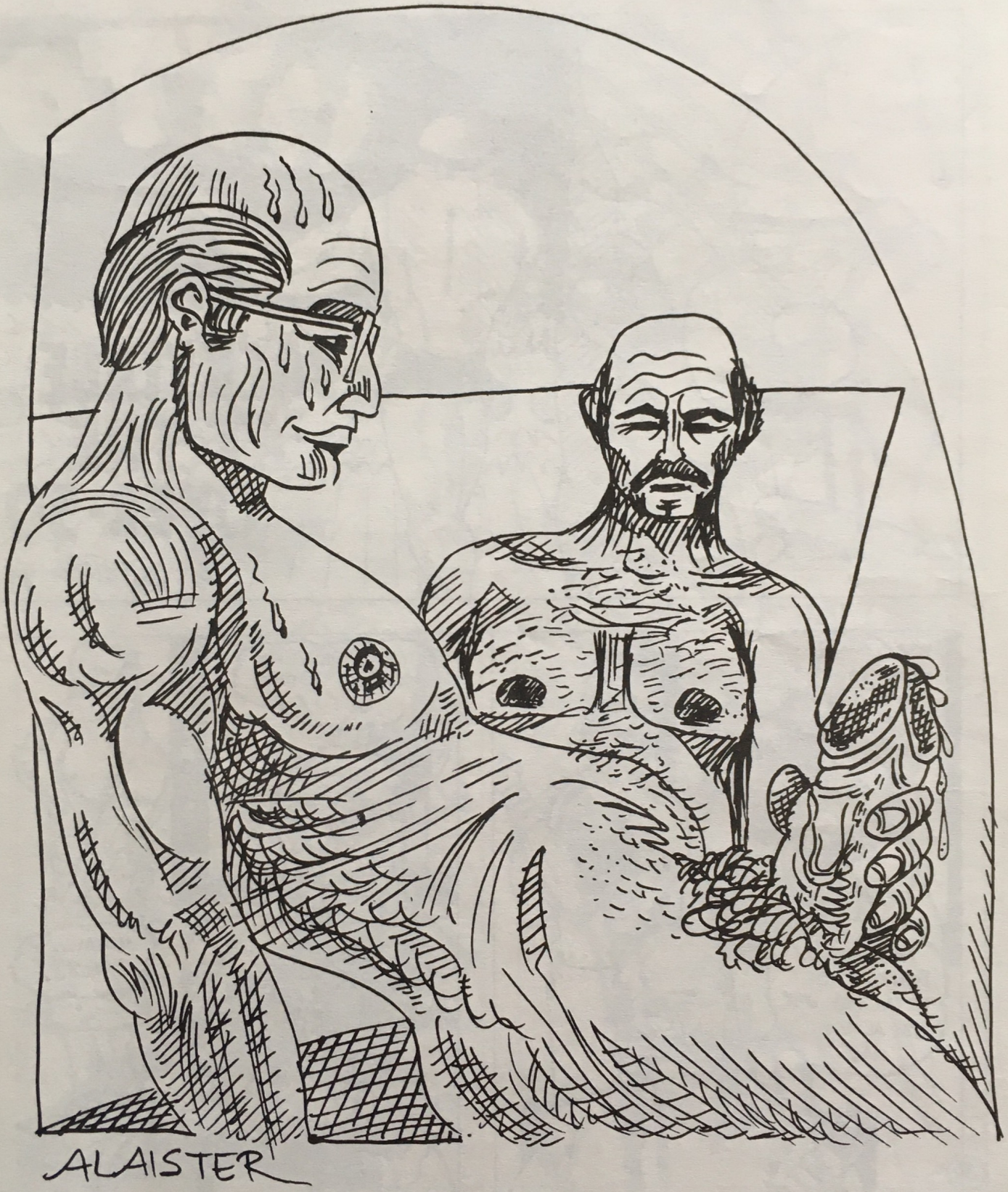


JOE.....photos by HARRY






ALAISTER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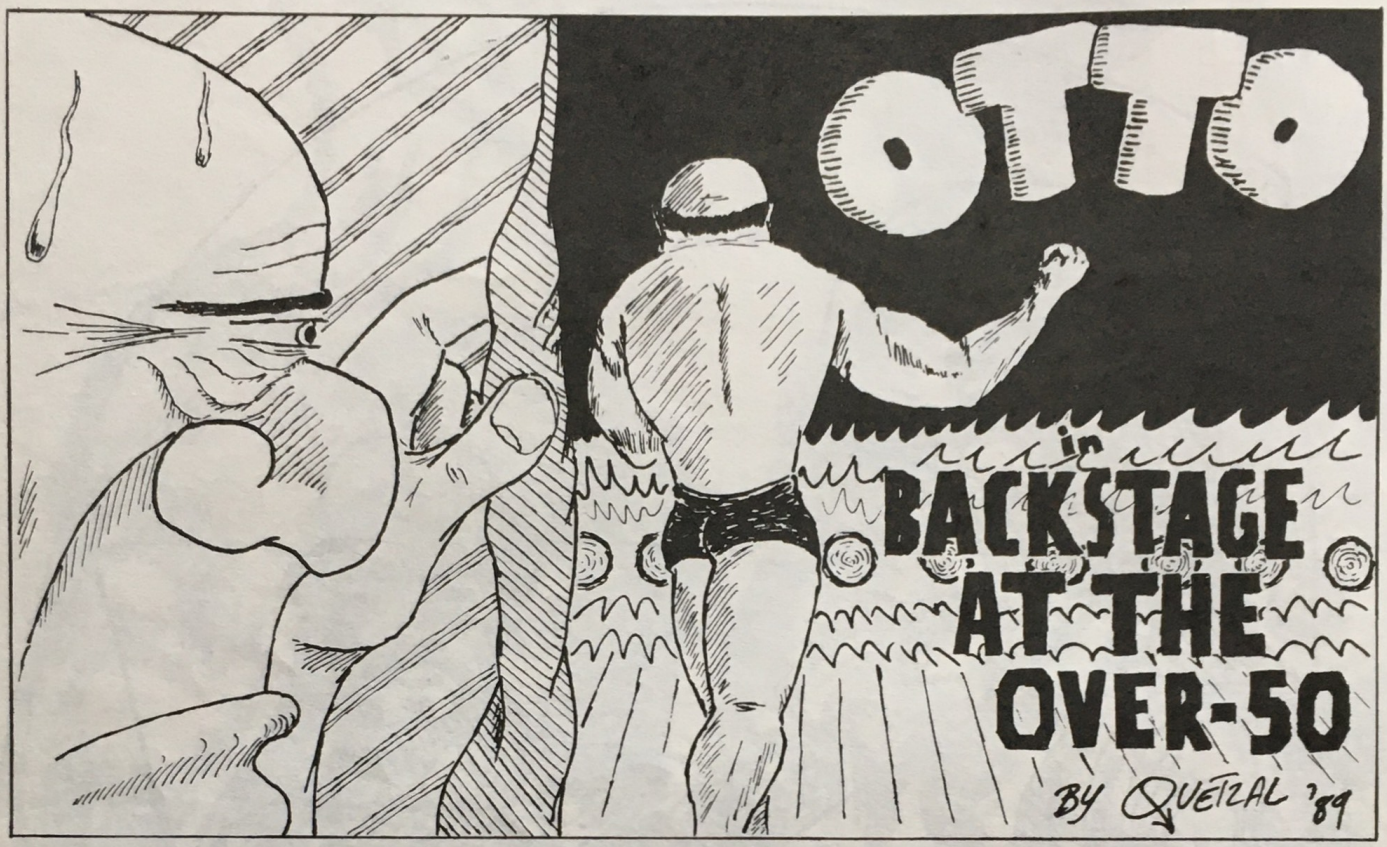
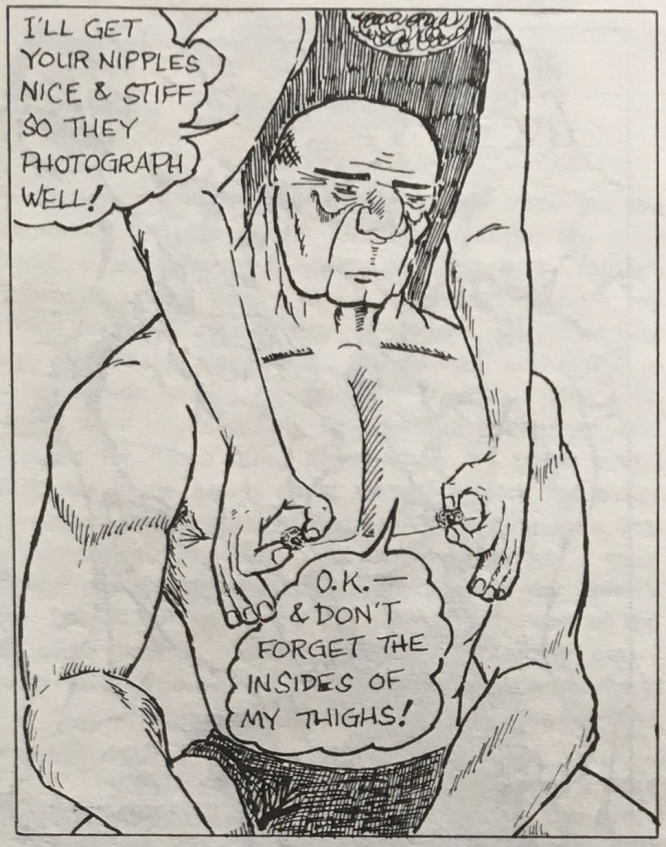

OTTO
in
BACKSTAGE AT THE OVER-50
BY QUETZAL '89

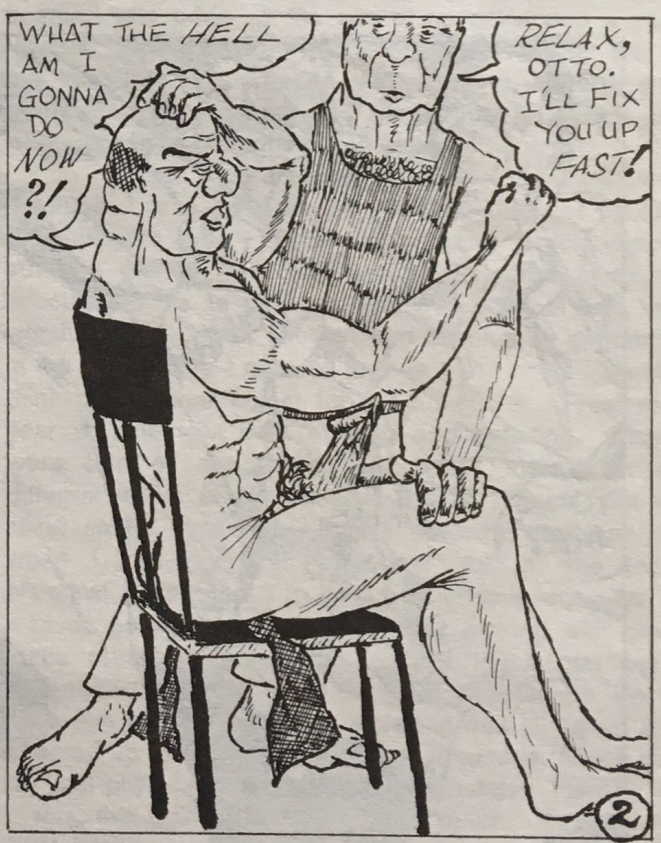
HEY, HERB! DON'T FORGET TO OIL ME UP! I'M ALMOST ON!

YOU LOOK VERY MASSIVE TODAY, OTTO!
MMM... THANKS!
1


I'LL GET YOUR NIPPLES NICE & STIFF SO THEY PHOTOGRAPH WELL!
O.K.— & DON'T FORGET THE INSIDES OF MY THIGHS!

SPREAD YOUR LEGS, PLEASE!
OH, JEEZ! THAT TICKLES!

SPROINNG
DAMN! I KNEW THESE TRUNKS WERE TOO SMALL!
RRRIP!


WHAT THE HELL AM I GONNA DO NOW?!
RELAX, OTTO. I'LL FIX YOU UP FAST!
2

WHAT THE BLAZES YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN', HERB?!
NO! I GOTTA GET READY!
HERB, DON'T!
RELAX, OTTO!
I SHOULD BE PUMPING UP!
OHHHH
YOU ARE!
AFTER THAT WORKOUT, HOW CAN I POSSIBLY FLEX?!
MIDDLEWEIGHTS, NEXT UP...
OTTO, YOU'LL HAVE TO CHOOSE...
FROM YOUR MANY OTHER MUSCLES!
THE END
3

A SILVER CHUBBY FOR ALL SEASONS

by GHOSTJUMPER

My earliest memories of a sexual nature were not the voluptuous breasts of my mother (although we have always been best of friends), but rather my father's big, round, hairy ass. And I think that's where my fixation on older, chubby men all began. My father was even sensitive to the fact that I liked men and stated to me that men would be my best friends. This anal fixation went on for a long time without abatement, and I longed for those quiet times when my father and I would be alone and I could secretly watch his every movement and fantasize that I was playing with that gorgeously hung crotch. A couple of times, I went beyond mere imagery and actually stroked my father's ass. Luckily for me, he did not seem to mind and let me get away with it. Soon, however, I realized that I would have to go beyond the confines of my own home to find real satisfaction for my sexual dreams and longings.

The other man of my dreams when I was a mere adolescent, was my basketball coach, Mr. E. You see, I was a rather frail, non-athletic child, born with birth defects of my hands and feet, and did not particularly like having to play sports all the time with my peers who were obviously well-endowed with all the proper limbs and digitals. I had only four small fingers to speak of and a club foot that caused me to trip up more than once. But I distinctly remember that one afternoon at Monty Day School when Mr. E was trying to show Bobby K and me how to make good moves on the basketball court. Fortunately, Bobby and I had the same dream. He grabbed Mr. E from behind and I grabbed him from in front by the crotch. For that one shining moment, I was in HEAVEN. I had this gorgeous middle-aged hunk of a man by the BALLS and I loved every minute of it. You see, I had dreamed for several years about confronting him in the showers, all alone, naked and dripping wet, him with his great hairy crotch and me with my little fingers dug into his large ass and his hairy balls. On that day, when I in fact had caught him in my vice-like grip, he merely smiled weakly and moved on to the next exercise. I never saw any more of him after I left Monty, but the image of his hairy body remains with me to this day, and he had just enough meat on his body for me to think of him as my first chubby love.

High school was perhaps the most depressing time of my life, when the parental pressure was on to not only get good grades (I had to go to YALE or bust), but it was also the time when puberty demanded satisfaction one way or another. I tried dating girls when I was 15 or 16, but the outcome was predetermined and for me it was a sheer horror. On the other hand, my hero worship of my instructors pushed on to unprecedented heights. Mr. C, a jolly, ruddy-complexioned Englishman was the first to catch my eye in 10th grade. He had a great big pot-belly and a swagger to him that I absolutely loved. But I never touched Mr. C and he, alas, passed away from shovelling too much snow. Mr. V, on the other hand, scared me to death at first. He was a fat, hairy Dutchman with gray hair and bright blue eyes. He espoused any cause that was contrary to the conservative, safe ideology of my parents and friends. As I got to know him better, Mr. V and I seemed to have more and more in common--he would even send a friendly smile or wink my way and of course, I would reciprocate. Lady Luck was shining on me now because it wasn't very long before Mr. V and I began to share many activities in common--whether it be the Current Events Club, the debating team or the golf links. And, poor man, when I was in study hall with him, my eyes pierced right through him and imagined what a gorgeous body lay hidden beneath the dark folds of his clothing. Still the moralistic overlay of Judaeo-Christian values that I was brought up with somehow prevented me from pushing my advantage with Mr. V to the final sexual threshold. It was not until much later in my friendhsip with Mr. V that I had the courage to actually put my hand anywhere near his crotch--about ten years later to be exact. He was absolutely gorgeous in his little black bikini-styled bathing suit and his handsome face beamed with pride as the two of us developed a very intimate, but non-sexual friendship. My love for Mr. V led me into my chosen career field--history and archives--and eventually to a famous girls college, where he and I both completed history PhD's.

Though I felt shunned by most of my classmates because I was neither the football star nor sexual conquistador type, the emotional and psychological strength gained from my new silver-haired chubbies encouraged me to push onward. In point of fact, my worship of the "silver chubby" had become so engrained in me by the time I reached college that I could honestly think of no other object for my affections. Freshman year at Yale was both exciting and deflating. There were lots of opportunities to meet men from all different walks of life and geographic regions, but no silver chubs appeared. It was not until that summer when I had my first "historical" job at the local historical society that I found a new chubby love. Mr. R was so gorgeously fat and swarthy looking with great locks of silver hair. I could not touch him but I worshipped him and imagined what it would be like to have him all to myself on a wrestling mat all naked and lathered up for fun. The end of that summer of '64 saw my first physical conquest of silver chubby. Fleeting as it was, this marked the point of no return. Peter was a Philadelphia cabby with Irish written all over him. He was hairy and rotund, though short like myself in stature. We spotted each other immediately and jumped on the same rubber raft at this posh pool party in suburban Philadelphia. Before we knew it, we were

both grabbing each other around the waist and rubbing our bodies closer and closer together. Finally, someone pushed us off the raft and I went to the bottom first and positioned my hands. He deftly followed and allowed me to catch and hold him by the crotch. What a glorious moment--the wet dreams of a lifetime all brought together to fruition, as I deftly caught Peter and his privates in my outstretched hands and arms.

Back at Yale for my sophomore year, I didn't realize how many things had suddenly changed for the better. There was no gay movement on campus at the time and no one with whom I could share my inner-most thoughts about my growing sexual identification as a chaser of silver chubbies. The one shrink I tried to relate these feelings to merely scoffed and said I would never get married (a challenge that I unfortunately took all too seriously) and he would try to fix me up with someone. I didn't stay long enough to hear whether it was man, woman, or beast. No, I said to myself; my love, my solace, my ALL lay in the friendships I could develop with older, heavier men (this is perhaps the best definition I can offer for silver chubby). Lo and behold, Bill enters my life at this point. He was a rotund, lovely, silver-haired man with a smile that would never quit and those eyes literally danced with excitement. Bill not only introduced me to the world of classical music, he became a friend who instinctively knew what I wanted and what I stood for. We never went to bed and never had sex together but his glances and his hugs were more than enough to convince me that I was loved. And in the waning months of his life, he took the courageous step of confiding to me in writing that he too fell in love with me the first day I came in and sat before him in his History of Music seminar.

And what of the so-called "real world?" Would I find my silver chubbies with the same good fortune and gusto as I had behind the protective walls of academia? You know I did. And what's more, with each new friend and each new relationship, I felt more and more confident that I was brought to this earth to provide joy and comfort to those very silver chubbies who brought ecstacy to my life. But as in everything, we always encounter roadblocks and booby traps and my life in my 20's was no exception to the rule. In fact, if anything, I retreated headlong into the closet. Yale was very good to me and provided me with Bill, my spiritual father. After Yale, I headed north to Hartford and through various connections I met Doug and Harry. Both of these men were endowed with the warmth, experience, and caring that had become hallmarks of my favorite silver chubs. Both men were of the age, size and good looks that I swooned over and made the subject of many wet dreams. Like my experience with my childhood idol, Mr. V from Holland, Doug and Harry eventually let me hug them and caress their crotches after a long period of familiarity, but no bedtime games, alas.

Graduate school with the girls was a DRAGGGGG to say the least. But outside class, I met a few chubbies who restored my sense of well-being. George the chemist was the most like my silver chubby dream man, though he often acted like a Dutch uncle. He and I saw eye to eye on many things and he always allowed me to hug him when we didn't have an audience. But I needed more than Harry or Doug or George could offer. I desperately needed a chubby friend who could devote large blocs of time and energy to building a permanent, lasting relationship based on caring and sharing. I began to despair that my silver chubbies would always be married men that could never tear themselves away from Mama's clutches. Then I met Joe.

Big Joe and I met in Washington in the home of a lovely Christian couple who probably had no more idea than the man on the moon that they had brought two adoring souls together in a burst of creative energy. Joe at that point had been married twice and still had it in his head that it was wrong for two men to love each other, much less sleep together. But events moved very rapidly after our first rapturous meeting. I spent many evenings and weekends in Joe's company before we suddenly came to the realization that we were actually in love. Joe tried his best to push this realization to the back burner. One day he even accused me of being a HOMOSEXUAL--and that my putting my hand on his lusciously chubby knee was a tip-off that his son had warned him about. Well, naturally I had to deny it--not only to him, but somehow to myself. Joe and I had a blissful year together. We even travelled in his camper to Mexico, which was an adventure of a lifetime. We always hugged each other very fervently but never kissed or groped each other. And in fact it wasn't until the night before Joe was to marry for the third time (and, thank God, the best of the three!), that he and I actually shared the same bed. He allowed me to gently hold his breasts and to place my little gun snuggled up against his divinely huge rear-end. But after that first year in Washington, I was never to have the same silver chubby as a companion until nearly ten years later when I met John. But, oh boy, did I meet a lot of gorgeous guys out in that big naughty world in the meantime. One of my all-time favorites, PW, introduced me to the joys of oral sex.

Now fate really clobbered me. My short, chubby lunchmate at work used to allow me to rub and fondle him in all kinds of places (and Harry was a terrific hugger). But all of a sudden he got religion and made it his mission to turn me into a flaming heterosexual! It should have been obvious to me that this was not only impossible but dangerous to my health. But Harry worked his charms and I succumbed to the idea, picking out a bride from my own workplace (mistake #2). Vickie and I were married a year later amidst all the pomp and circumstance that Baltimore could rouse for us. Any hope of a totally honest relationship was dashed when she announced that she could accept anything strange about me except if I were gay! In all other respects, she seemed a pleasant enough companion but she lacked the basic maturity and skills to become a full-fledged wife, and try as I might, I lacked the motivation and drive to become a successfully active sexual partner for her. This tinsel-

town version of a marriage might possibly have lasted another ten or fifteen years if it hadn't been for the rude awakening that I experienced as a result of my wife's sudden mental breakdown after the death of her father (who by the way was a borderline silver chubby --my wife and I both worshipped him!).

It seems like natural catastrophies such as forest fires and my wife's mental collapese have a way of becoming a rebirth of something good and wholesome, given the proper care and nurturing. Vickie's "neurotic episode," as the doctors called it, turned out in the end to be my saving grace because, through the torture and pain, I slowly saw the inevitable truth. I AM A HOMOSEXUAL AND I BELONG WITH SILVER CHUBBIES. And guess who helped lead me into the path of truth? None other than a fundamentalist preacher, and you guessed it, he was a silver-haired chubby who liked me to hug him. Dr. Ben, as he was fondly known to me, tried to convince me that I needed to be born-again and so I was, but not in the way he was meaning. In fact, one day when I tried to explain my sexual orientation to him, he urged me to go out and research the topic of homosexuality and determine for myself what my true feelings were. He was not happy with the results, but I was! That fateful year of 1980 not only brought me out of the closet and into the court room (actually my final divorce decree had to wait a whole agonizing year), but it also brought me my first honest-to-gosh LOVER. It all happened so fast and yet the divorce proceedings seemed to crawl at a snail's pace.

John and I met in a friend's apartment in D.C., and it was indeed love at first sight. He was heavy-set, had a slight hint of gray and had the most beautiful smile. Within five minutes of meeting, we were tumbling all over each other and blissfully in love. I suspect that there are others who have experienced rapid turnarounds, but this was absolutely unbelievable. And what's more, the legal exigencies of my divorce case thrust me into the heart of the Nation's capitol and access to a rich and varied gay community, which was very important in giving a new and more balanced view of what it is like to be gay in a society that is overwhelmingly homophobic. In the next few years, I became increasingly aware of the deep divisions within the gay community itself. More importantly, I became aware that my worship of older, heavier men was completely atypical of all but a small minority of gays. And therein lies a great tragedy. For the silver chubbies of this world have a lot to offer all of us, but they need to be loved and cherished and nourished. As a new but very enthusiastic member of the CHIRON RISING family, I am at least able to express and work toward my goal--A SILVER CHUBBY FOR ALL SEASON .....bless them all.

[Author's note: This true life account is dedicated to the memory of my friend Jim, who represented so many of the great and loving qualities of the SILVER CHUBBY in his life among us.]

THE POETRY OF BILL CLARK

EPITAPH

I have loved, and
I have been loved,
Fondly and truly,
And for privileges both,
I am profoundly grateful.

If I have loved not God
As I should,
Yet have I loved dearly
Almost all of his Creation;
Loved the good, yet
Not despised the not-so-good in Man
Which is not always of
His own devising.

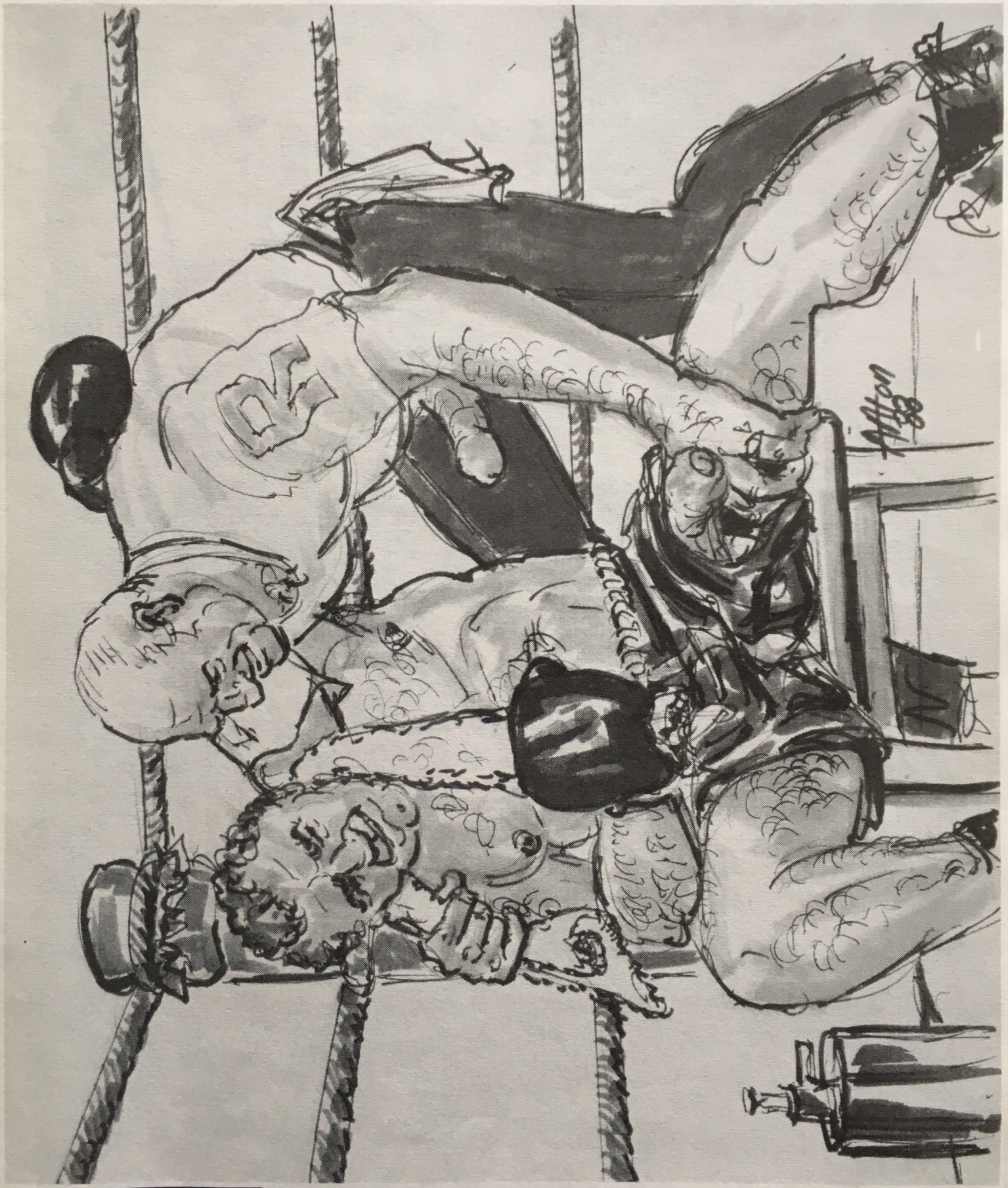
When I have been not strong
In meeting Life's requirement,
Perhaps, I have been not weak
Or, so I pray.
When I have failed,
Yet have I tried, I hope
Sincerely.

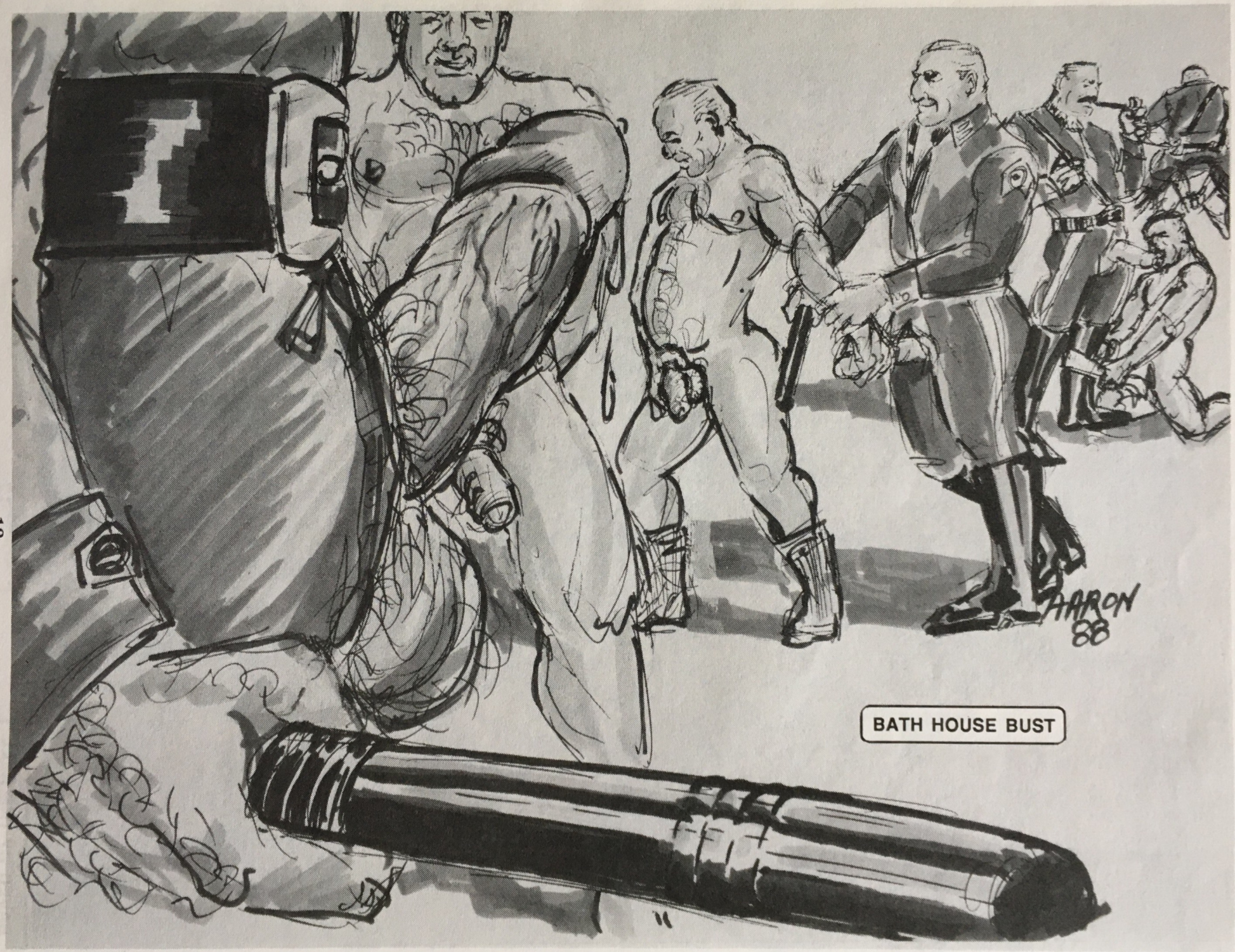
Although in nearly constant fear
Of inadequacy,
I tried to perservere
Often only to find proof
Of inadequacy
In mediocrity.

Yet I feel that in me
And my life,
The way that it was lived,
Was some good, so that
Maybe, just maybe, I leave
In those I lightly touched
Some good;
And that the bad in me
Will leave this earth with me
Tainting not what I leave behind.

.....for Rusty

DEVILS
FOOD
DELIGHT
AARON
88




AARON
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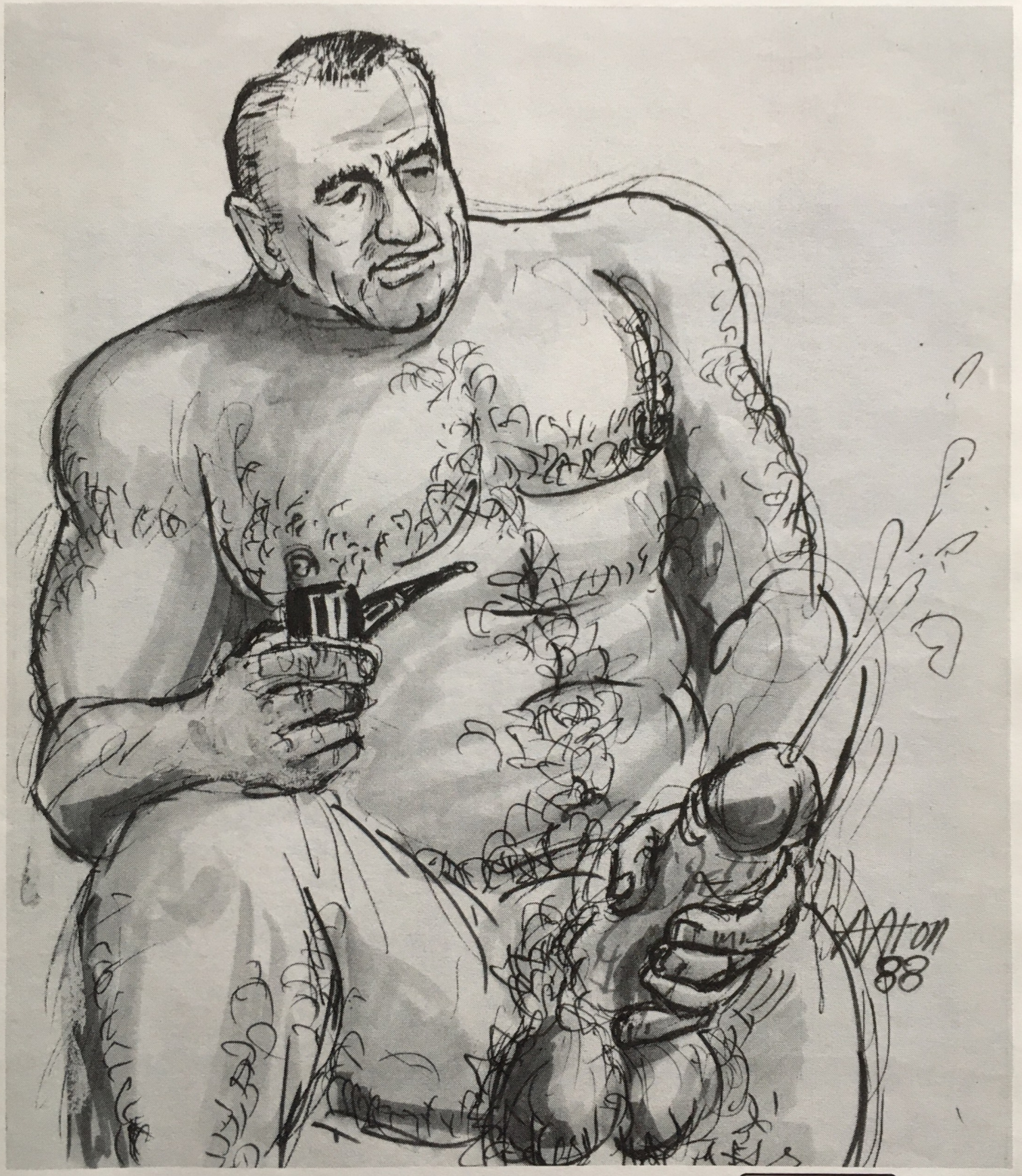
BATH HOUSE BUST



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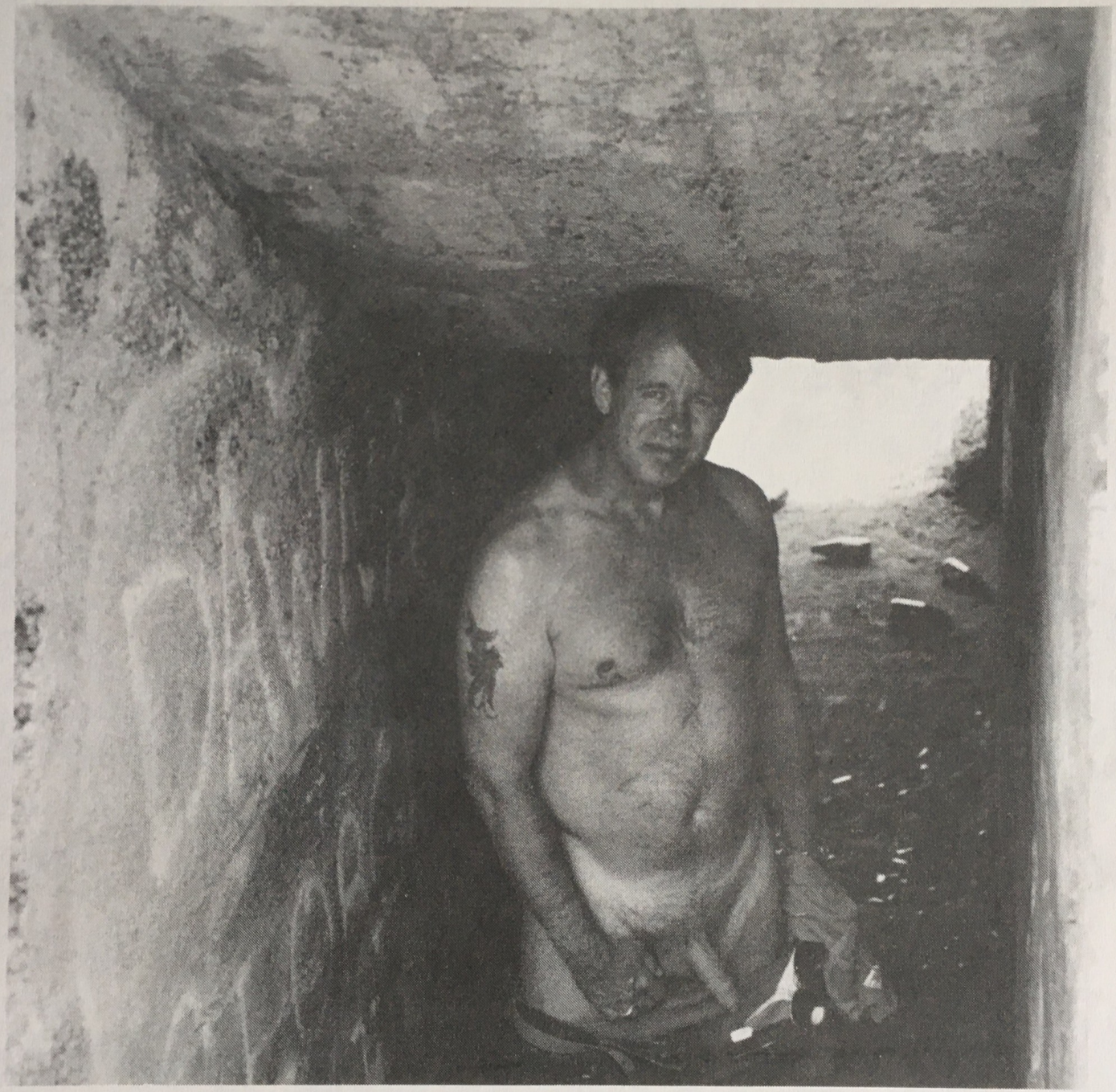
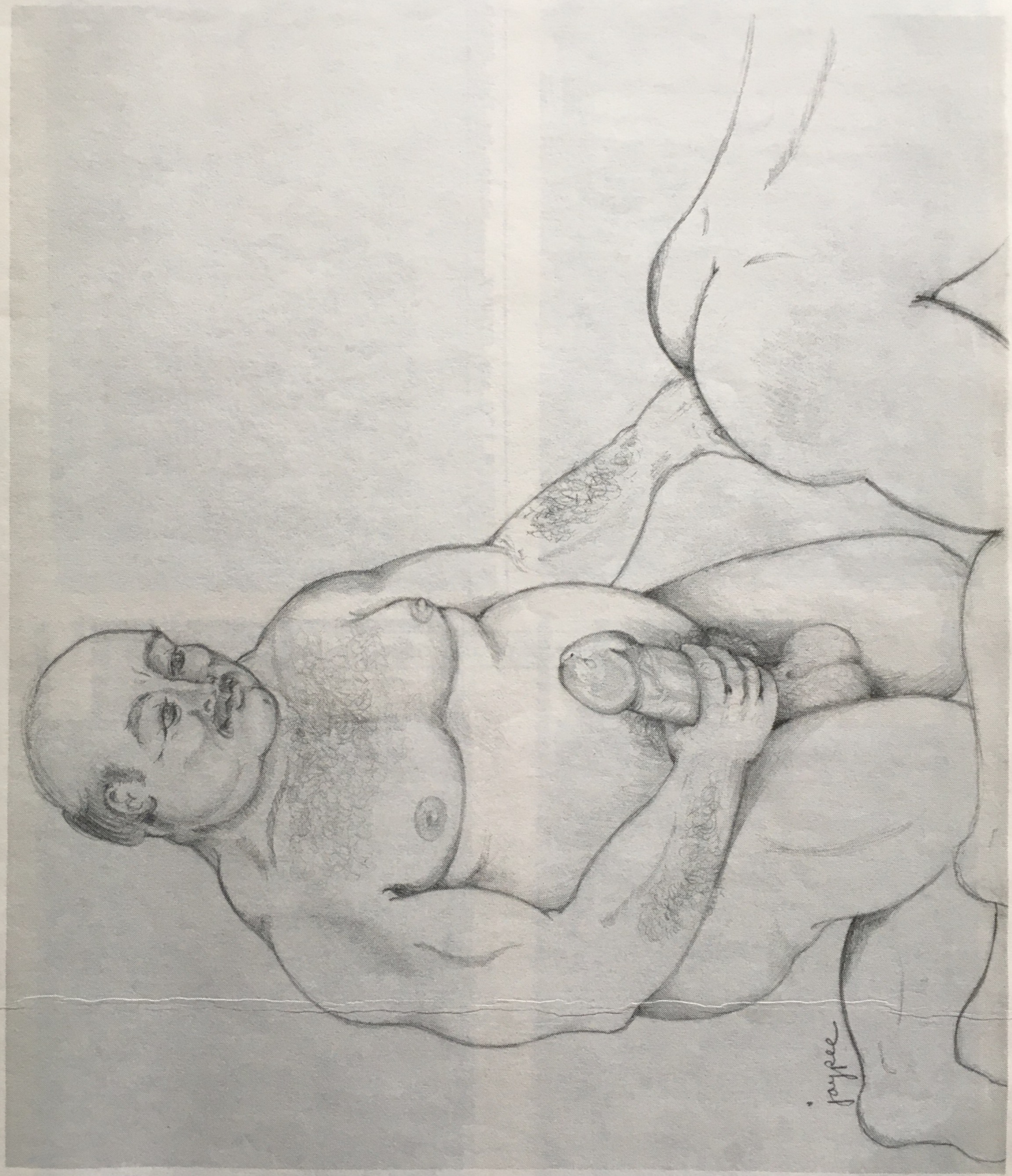
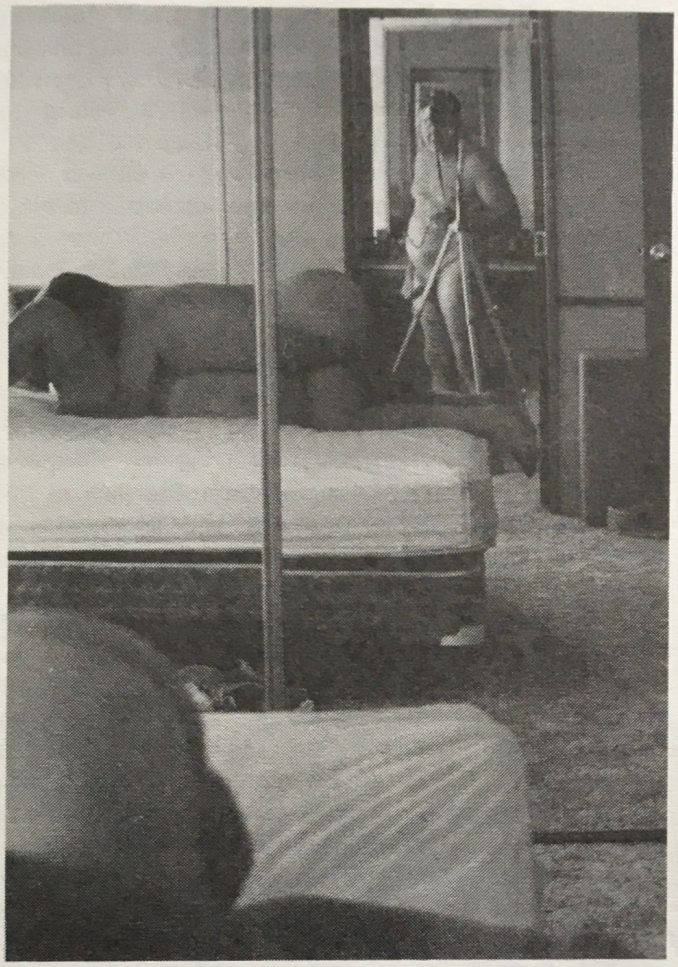


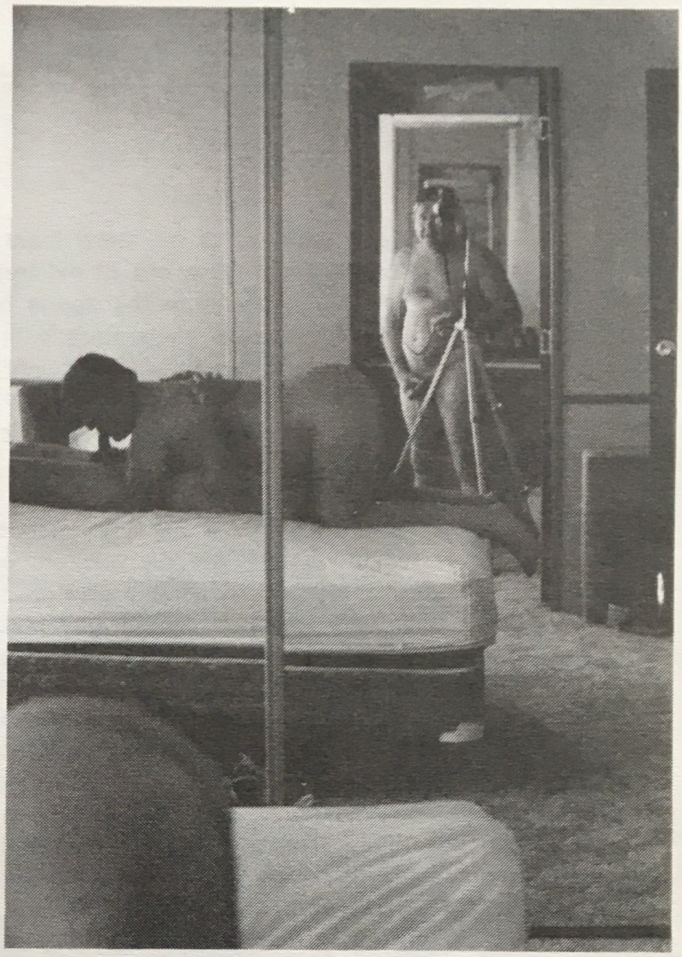
JASON P. WILLIAMS.....photo by JOE FRANCIS



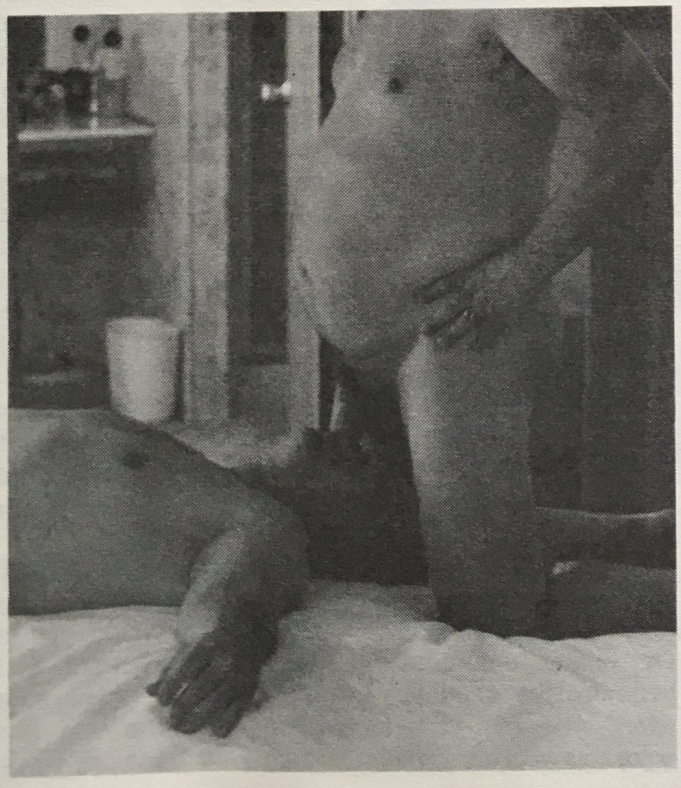
KARL

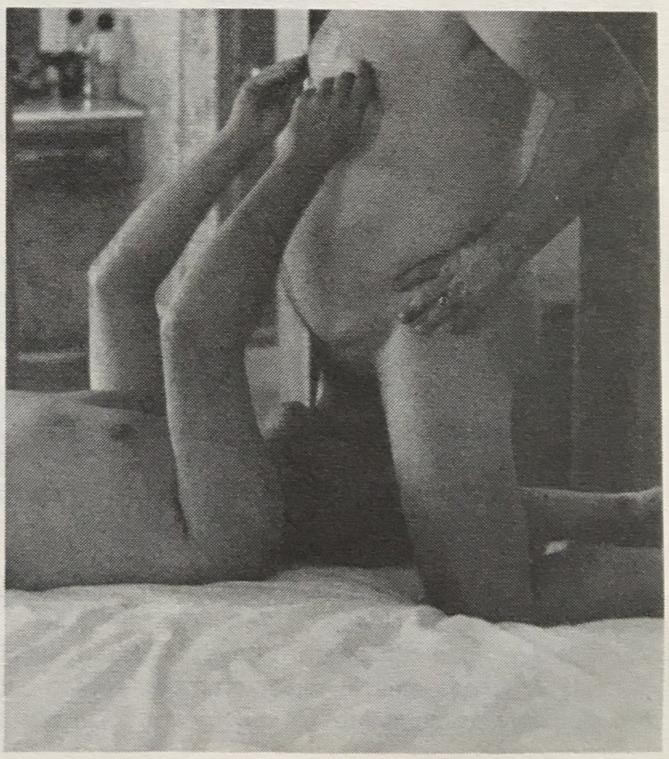
ROADRUNNER TOO and SYRINX.....photos by THE FRIAR





ROADRUNNER TOO, SYRINX and THE FRIAR





IS THE SAUNA REALLY DEAD?

BY HAWFINCH

It is sad that gay saunas, as we knew them in our younger days, have virtually gone out of existence in North America. For many gay men, the sauna has been the chosen place for sexual encounters with a compatible partner, always with the hope that such an encounter would blossom into a true friendship or loving partnership. But for small town senior gays the big city sauna has meant much more.

For me the sauna was usually the first visit on my leisure agenda when visiting the big city. There I would find sweaty relaxation in a friendly environment. I would chat up one of the locals who would give me the lowdown on the best bars, restaurants and gay places for seniors. I would have a rub from a friendly gay masseur, if one was available, and maybe a drink at the bar. If I were really lucky I would find a friendly, smiling, happy partner--frequently a young man looking for his "oldie"" ideal--and we would retire for an hour or two of gentle love-making. And how satisfying it would be! I suppose that such places can still be found in North America but they must be few and far between. It's fortunate for us that many of the good saunas of Europe and other distant countries are still available for our pleasure, although it may not be for much longer.

My companion and I have been sauna enthusiasts from way back into our teens, and for me that means half a century of infatuation with sexy steam. As a lad in England I discovered the delights of the steam rooms in the local public baths and the enjoyment to be had from an elderly masseur who, after he got to know you, would give you a relaxing hand job to climax the massage. Later I discovered the London Turkish baths--Jermyn Street, and, even better, Harrow Road, which was a great place to work off a bibulous evening. There, it was truly anonymous sex, or could be if one was so disposed. The cubicle beds, close together but divided by loose curtains, encouraged gently roaming hands, or pressure of belly to bun. It was rather like glory-hole sex. One never knew who was on the other side--unless by mutual consent the curtain was lifted. I have many happy memories of late night sessions there. Then there was the old Everard in New York--my first experience of an openly gay North American sauna. Not the most salubrious place to visit, but a fascinating place to spend a night. But my real discoveries have been in the last ten years when I have been free to roam the world.

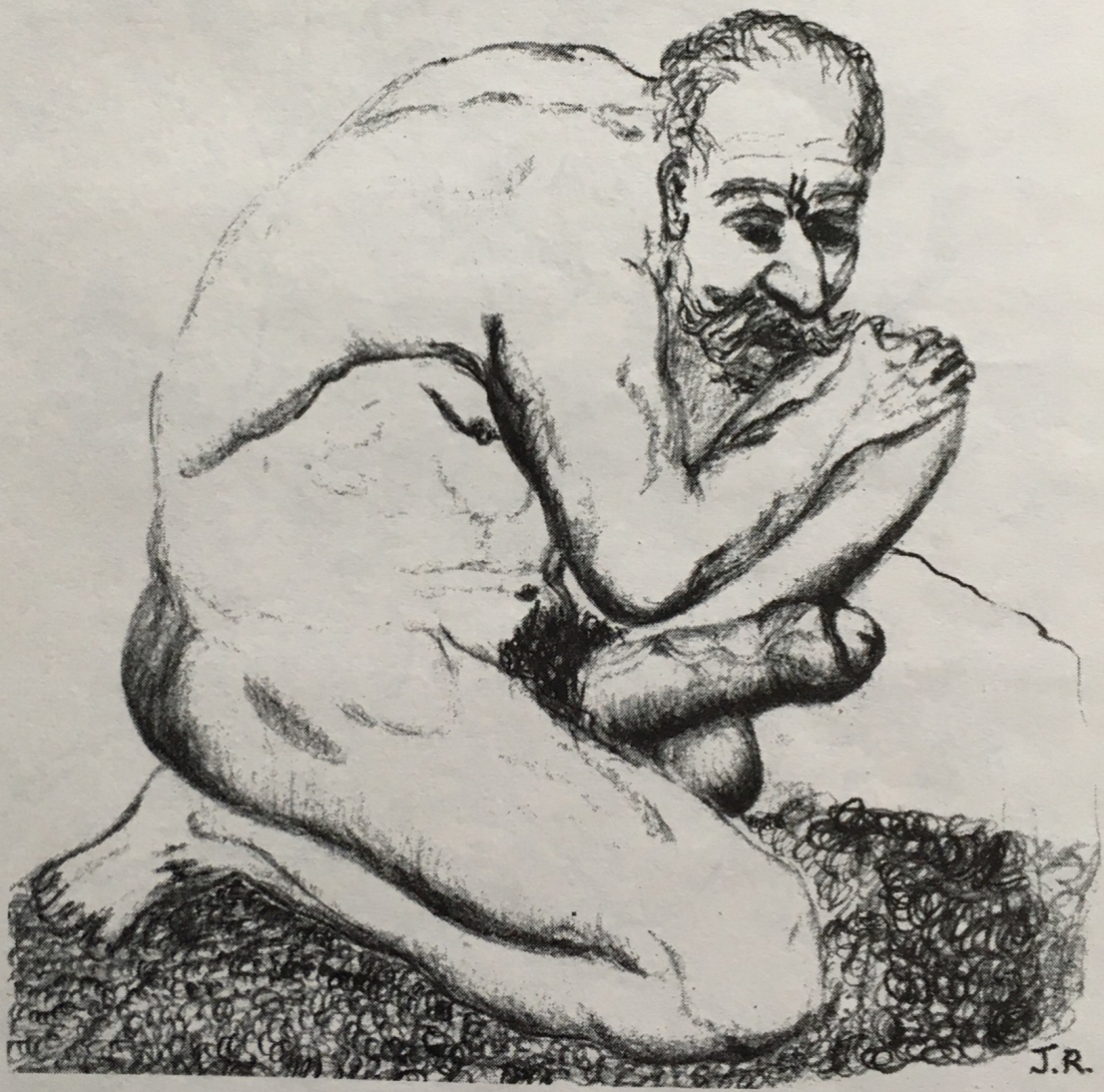
The best sauna I have ever visited was the Oban in Tokyo, now alas closed to "foreigners," I believe. It was modern, well decorated, spotlessly clean, efficient (as only Japanese establishments can be), spread out on five floors, and complete in every way. On my first visit I went from the showers into a small steam room where the wall benches were filled by young Japanese men. They politely made room for Grandpapa and I found myself sitting between two attractive young men. Gentle caresses were exchanged. Then the one on my right led me by the hand into a cubicle shower, closed the door, turned on the water, and proceeded to rub and lick me all over, not neglecting my cock. After a spell of deep kissing he turned me around and screwed me, oh so well. What an amazing introduction to the Oban! It was fortunately located close to our hotel and every day we were in Tokyo we took our sightseeing break in the sauna, rather than the hotel room. And I never failed to enjoy a young partner, usually lying happily together on a futon in a dimly-lit group room. What I especially valued was the peaceful atmosphere, the lack of frenzy in coupling, the acceptance of sex between the older and the younger as an act of love and affection, even though transitory. The Japanese are great lovers.

Another favourite was the Apollo in West Berlin, quite new when we visited it some seven years ago. I remember with delight the steam room, filled with thick, pine scented steam, with cozy, intimate, small, private niches in the tiled walls, and a low barrier in the middle of the room--just the right height for a coupling couple. Then there was the Euro Men's Club near the Bourse in Paris and a happy memory of Gilbert, a handsome Paris school teacher, gay in every sense of the word, a gloriously hairy chest and well endowed. He made a big impression in me. And, of course, the two most famous in that part of the world: the Thermos day and night saunas in Amsterdam, truly twenty-four hours of opportunity in steamy comfort. In Spain a surprising discovery was the sauna at Torremolinos, not a large bath, but with a crazy maze of tiled dark passages and rooms behind the private rooms, and seemingly busy every day after siesta from 5 pm on. The Spaniards I met were mostly big, friendly men, very much into rear end action, both active and passive, and on more than one occasion I found myself happily sandwiched between two hearty Spanish bulls. I should stress that I am a faithful practitioner of safe sex, and have become adept at carrrying my rubber and lube in the palm of my hand as I cruise the baths. I have happy memories of the Unit One at Brighton, the City sauna at Munich, the Gay Center in Copenhagen, the Bruch at Barcelona, the Roman Spa in Melbourne and the King Steam at Sydney. These are just some of the many saunas in various parts of the world where I have found relaxation, good company, good hunting, and frequently good sex. And one of the advantages of sauna pleasures is that a knowledge of the local language is not a vital necessity, although it helps.

The AIDS epidemic has rightly made all of us more cautious in our sexual practices, but gay saunas have become taboo places. Some of my friends tell me I'm taking unnecessary risks when I continue to patronize the saunas. I don't think so. A few hours spent in a sauna is, to me, a much safer and more enjoyable way of spending my time than chasing elusive

quickies in the bushes, or hunting for one night partners in the gay bars. The only way to avoid the risk of AIDS or any other sexual disease is to give up sex altogether, and that's not for me. Life would be hardly worth living without one of its greatest pleasures. It's not difficult to play it safe, and that's what I hope to be able to do for many years to come.

It's great to be a retired senior gay. I shall continue my travels as long as I have the strength to carry my bags on board the planes, trains, ships and busses which take me to and from my destinations. I shall continue to seek out new gay experiences, new friends, young and old, in various parts of the world, and especially new saunas--there must be plenty I have yet to visit. Any recommendations?



I'LL BE GENTLE

THE EROTIC ARTWORK OF SKUA

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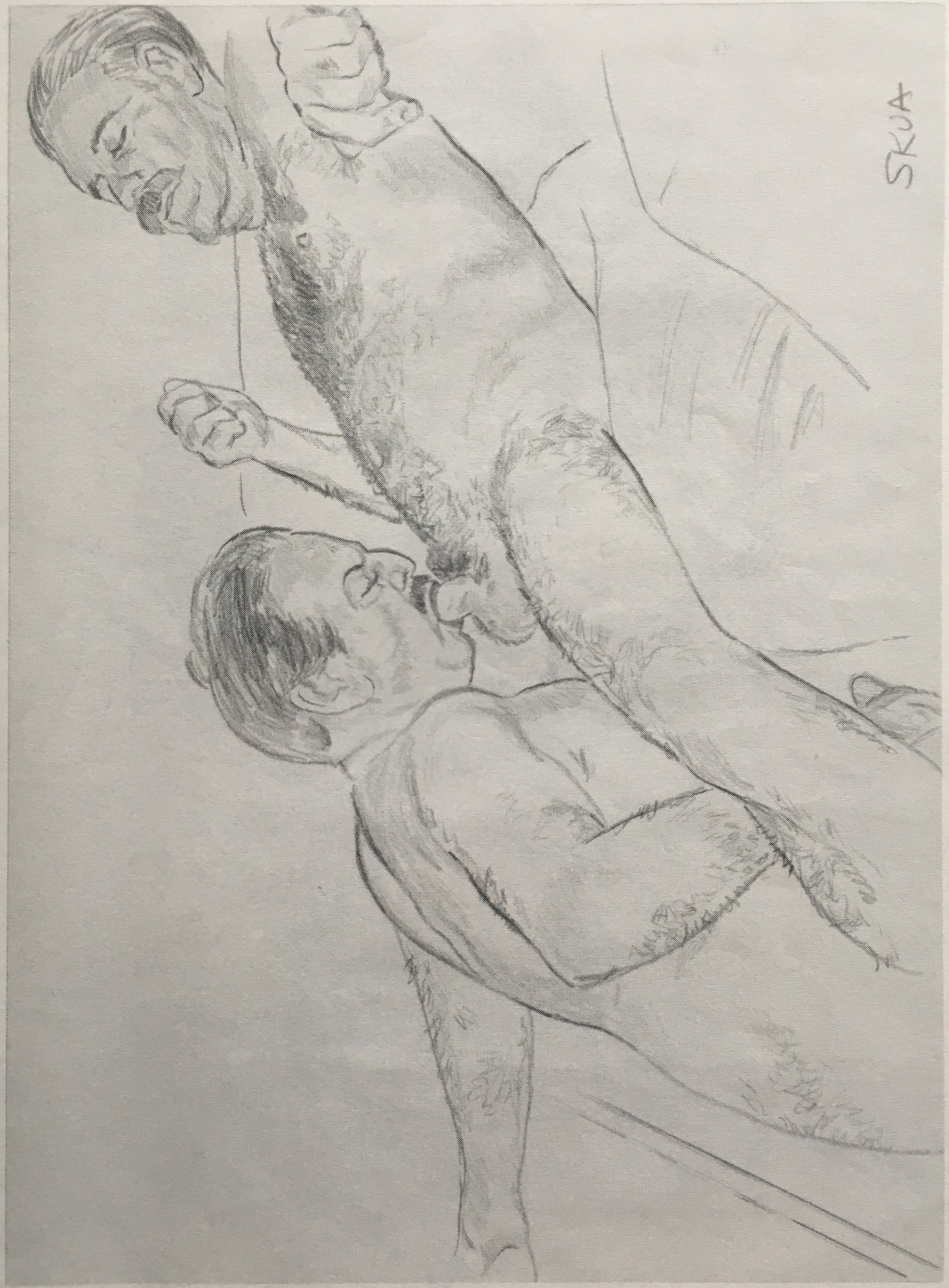
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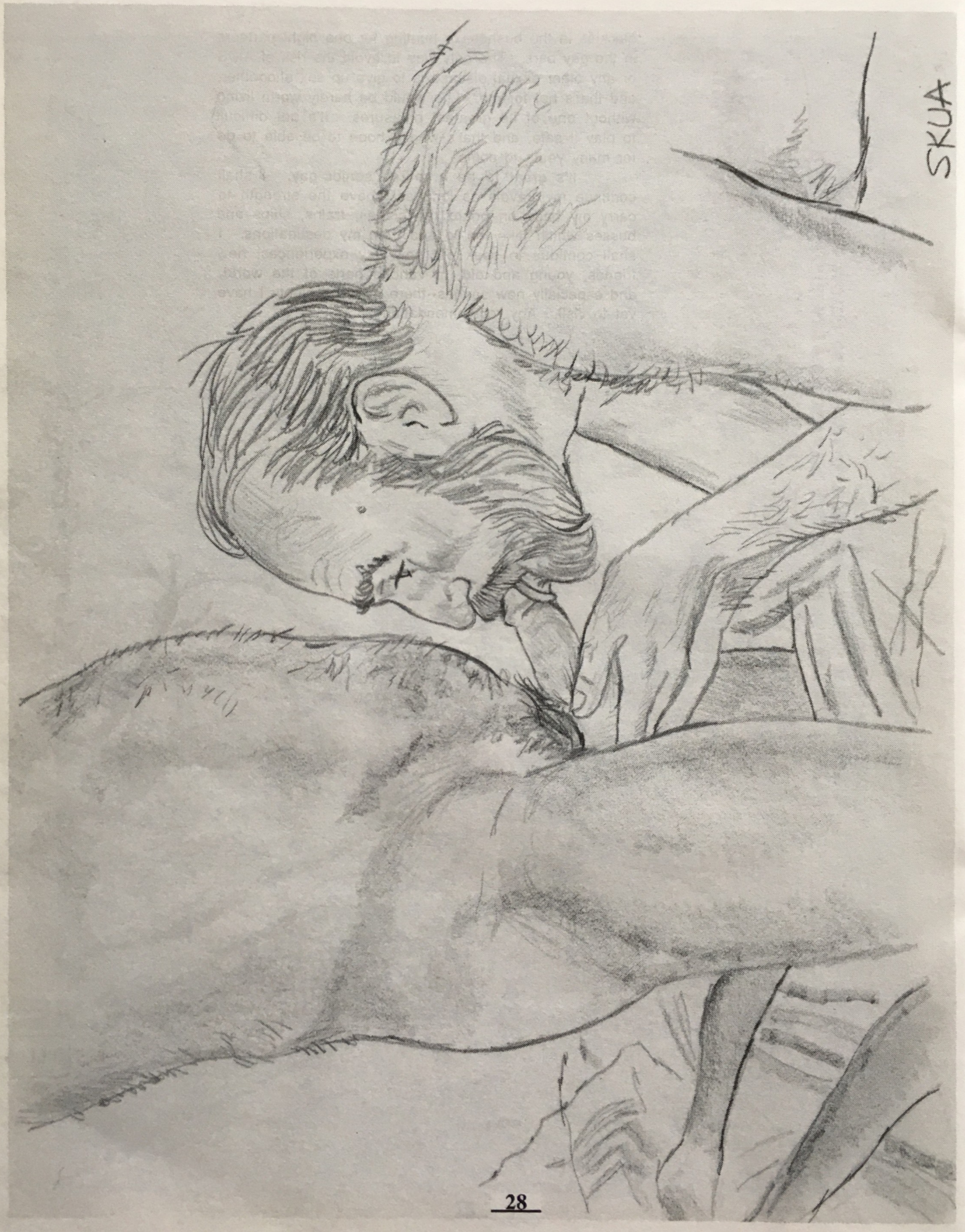
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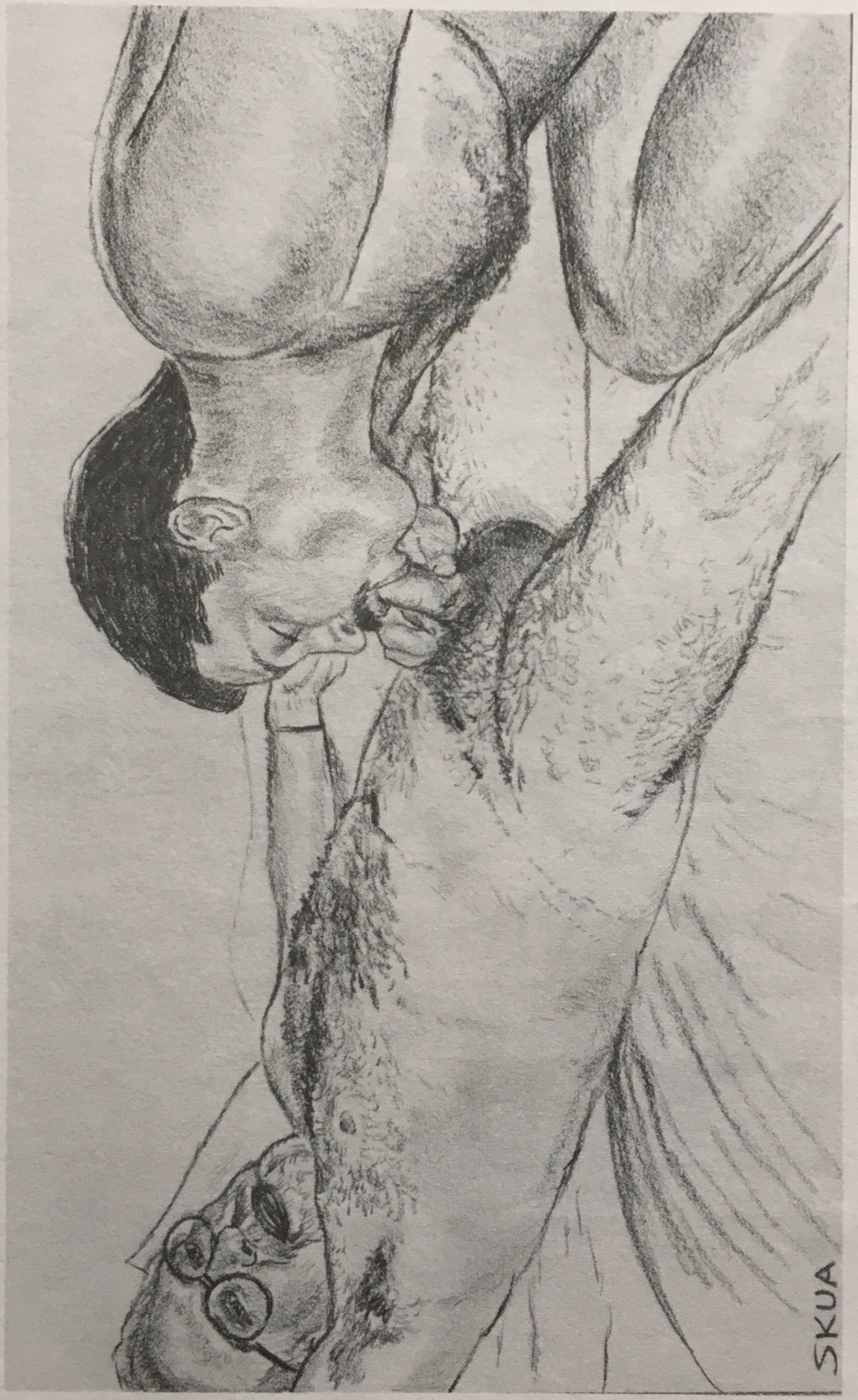
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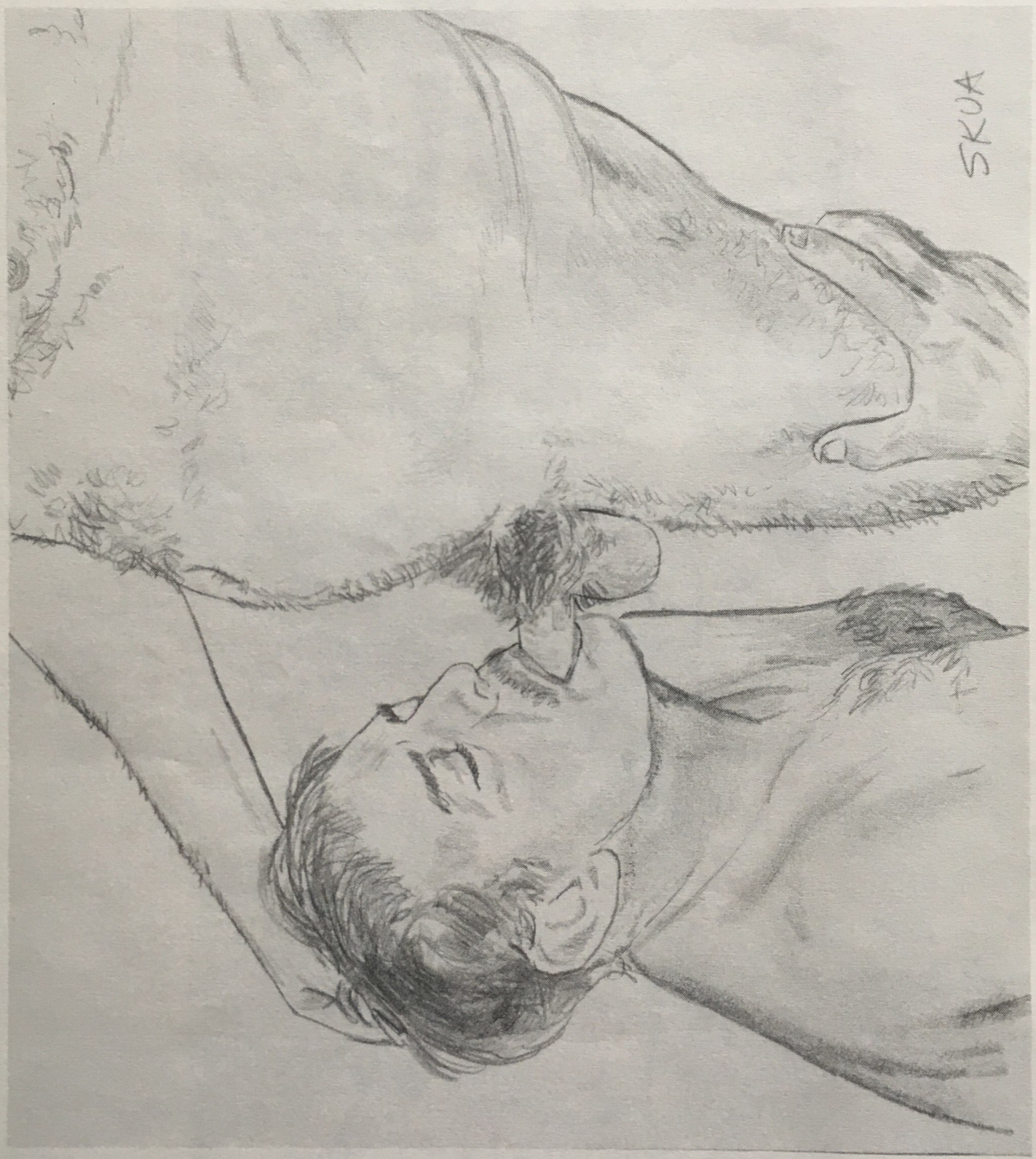
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THE ROVING SKEPTIC
by XYLOPHANG

How naive is the average American? How many of you truly believe that Columbus discovered America, or that Teddy Roosevelt stormed San Juan hill on a horse? Would it ever occur to you to ask an American Indian who "discovered" America? Would you believe me right now if I told you that Teddy wasn't on a horse (they were left behind) and that the hill wasn't called "San Juan?" Many of you wouldn't, because it's more comfortable not having to think for yourself. Does that make you naive? Do you give a shit?

SOMEONE must believe that the average American is quite naive, because a whole lot of outrageous stuff is being shoved down our throats --SUCCESSFULLY! Take a recent incident involving a promotional poster put out by a food wholesaler. The poster, showing a tall, blond cowboy holding the American flag, was obviously meant to equate eating beef with patriotism. Unfortunately for the beef industry, the poster is incredibly similar to a Hitler Youth poster from World War II Germany. That one shows a tall, blond, Brownshirt, holding a Nazi flag. The distributor of the poster said that the striking resemblance was only "coincidence." The advertising agency that created the poster says that the artist used a live model (the German model reincarnated, no doubt). I've seen the two pictures, however, and the two young men could easily pass for identical twins. Both men hold same size flags with near identical folds. Each is holding the flag pole at the exact same spot and resting his other hand on his hip. Both shirts appear to have identical creases and are rolled up to the same spot. Will the distributor pull the ads? Probably not. I didn't hear a big flap about it, did you?

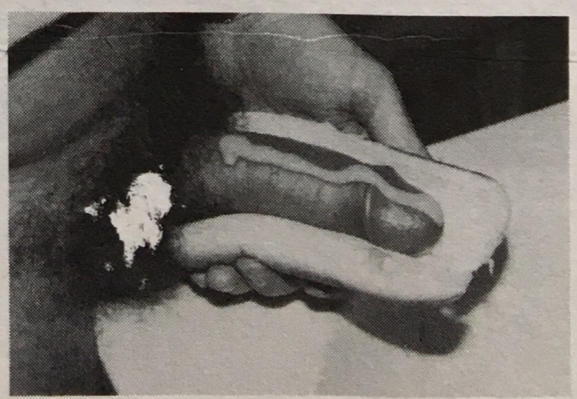
I get a powerful impression that many fat cats absolutely believe that denial defuses accusation, provided one is on the side of power. The boys in power have found that they can, in the face of immense olfactory evidence, deny that they have shit in their pants--and, if they have good P.R. people and are loved by the masses, those same masses will believe them unequivocally. If they are in the driver's seat, they've found that they can throw out buzzwords like dice and warp the meaning of previously legitimate words. They think that the average mature American is oblivious and that the young ones are brain dead--that neither can see any further than their next paycheck, crack hit or evening with "Golden Girls."

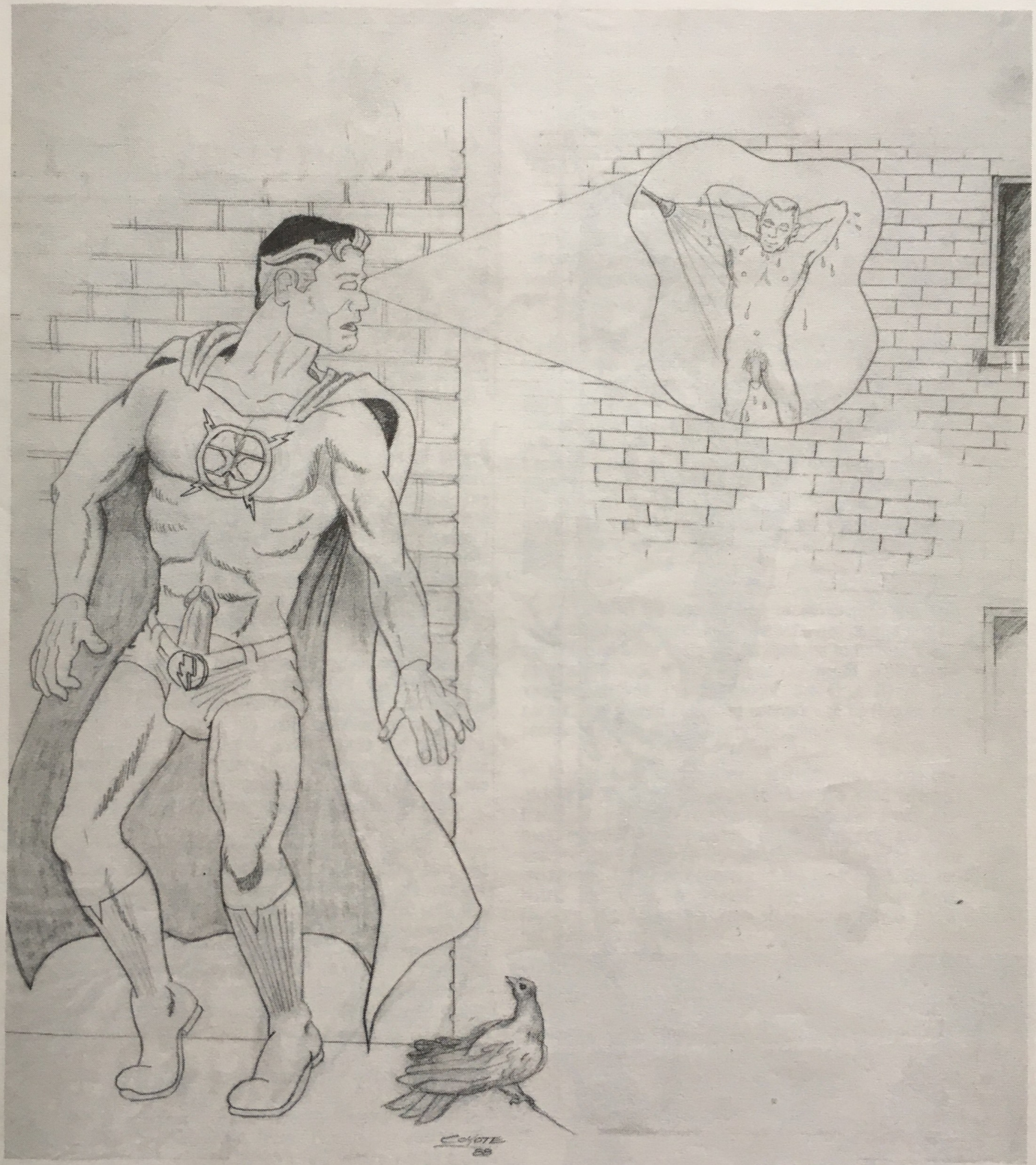
Bullshit, you say? "Golden Girls" and "Cocoon" notwithstanding, mature America has already been written off by network television. Next time you watch a football game, listen carefully. NFL and adventure series coming attractions are now barked like the hot rod race ads we used to hear over rock radio stations. Wrestling is now featured in Prime Time, having become worse (more growling, pussy and posturing--with much less wrestling) instead of better. Political and fast food advertisers attack the other guy, rather than praise their own positions/products. And speaking of ads, virtually ALL automobile and beer commercials are directed toward younger, heterosexual consumers--complete with screaming rock music. Worse, the print media boys (tightassed, like walking on broken glass) are scared shitless by a handfull of screaming Bible thumpers and abandon the wishes of their silent majority of readers. Thanks to our spineless media, the highly visible religious zealots have become The Moral Gestapo and have declared war on "pornography" and the homosexual.

Are we seniors truly oblivious or naive? I choose to believe that most Americans of all ages are sane, fair minded, compassionate people, but they've become intimidated or indifferent and no longer exercise any power outside the voting booth (and I personally believe that voting power at the national level is a farce, but that's another story). The same can be said for the typical mature homosexual. It's much easier to wait out this madness and hope the cycle reverses. But what if the cycle is much longer than we anticipate?

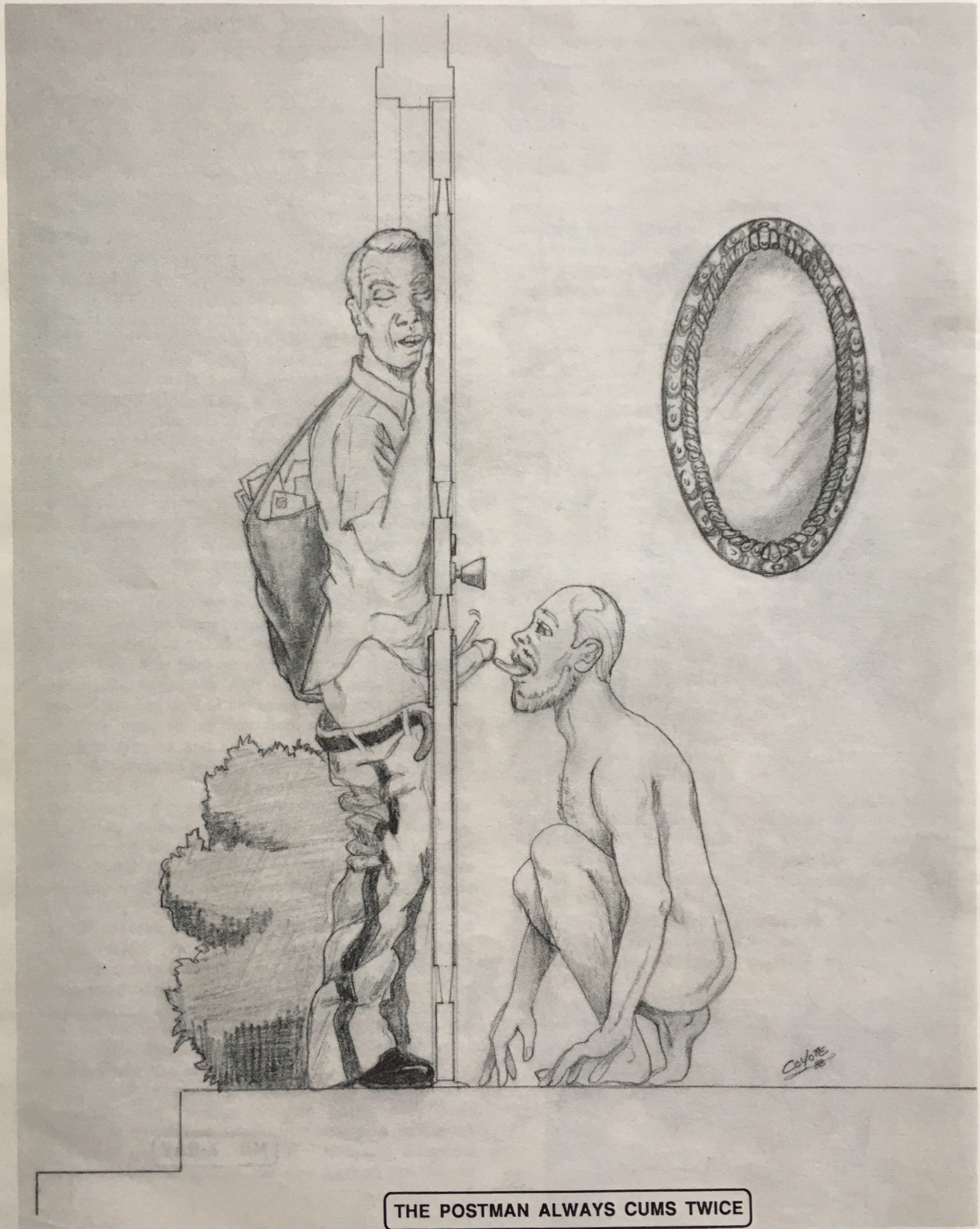
I'm a letter writer. I write to my Senators, Congressmen, Governor, Council Members, Mayor and Media and tell them what I think, because I KNOW that they listen, otherwise the special interest groups wouldn't have the power they do. I happen to know that Pat and The Friar write letters too, along with the publishers of BALL CLUB QUARTERLY, TRASH and countless other gay publishers. Just think. The ones who can least afford the time will write, while most of you sit there scratching your ass.

Do something profound in your lifetime. Borrow a very effective tool from the religious fanatics: write your Senators! Address your letter to: The Honorable _____, Member of the Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510. For starters, ask each what their position is on S 2023, the so-called "Obscenity Enforcement Act of 1988," and tell them that you strongly object to government suppression of adult reading material. Write your other "public servants" and gently remind them that they are servants. If you're offended by something the media is doing, write someone and scream bloody murder. It works. Ask Jerry Falwell.





MR. X-RAY



THE POSTMAN ALWAYS CUMS TWICE

THE EX-PRO

BY *WILD* BILL

This past summer while visiting my family in Littletown, New York which is located in the Chennango Valley , we had decided to go out to dinner at the local Elk's club for the Friday night fish fry. After a delightful dinner we all adjourned to the front porch of the club to enjoy the evening band concert in the park across the way. An after dinner drink seemed appropriate while listening to the music and so I returned to the bar to get one.

However before going to the bar, I had to take a piss and headed for the Men's Room. It was like every other men's room in clubs all over the country. The urinal was protected by chastity partitions so that one could not see another man's privates while pissing. I had finished taking my leak and was washing my hands when an older man, dressed in rumpled shorts and Tee shirt came in. He bellied up to the urinal, but stood quite far back encouraging an interesting vista.

Always one for being friendly when a good looking older man is concerned, I continued to peer at his exhibition of maleness. With his baseball cap perched jauntily on the rear of his shock of unkempt white hair and sporty attire, including sweat socks and sneakers, he appeared a most interesting specimen. Let me state now that he was well equipped and did not seem in the least abashed about showing his well endowed prick.

I said, "Hi, how are you doing?". He replied, "Fine. Its sure a long one", of course meaning the long hot summer day. However I decided to change his remark into a more sexual innuendo and replied," It sure is!" glancing directly at his pissing prick. He caught my glance, looked down and laughed. It was shaped like a small artillery shell with a flat blunt head. The long casing was well formed with a sun tanned coloration. Evidently he was an outdoors man who enjoyed nudity whenever possible.

As he finished, he turned to me and extended his hand saying, "My name is Grant....Grant Cumming, but they call me Grunt." I answered that my name was Wild Bill and that I was from Florida. He seemed to take a greater interest when I told where I was from. He asked me if I had seen the entire clubhouse and when I replied that I had not, he said you have a treat in store for you.

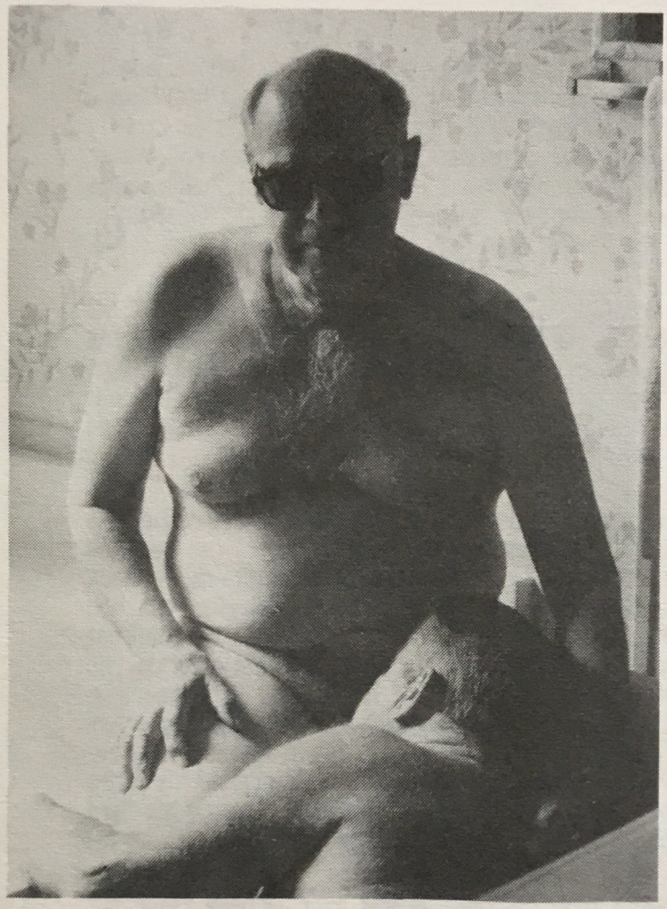
He then led the way out to the bar where we got drinks and continued to talk. I learned that he was 72 years old, played golf regularly at the Hillside Country Club, and was a retired Major League baseball player. He had never married and lived alone out in the valley where he enjoyed gardening in the nude. Really this was my kind of man.

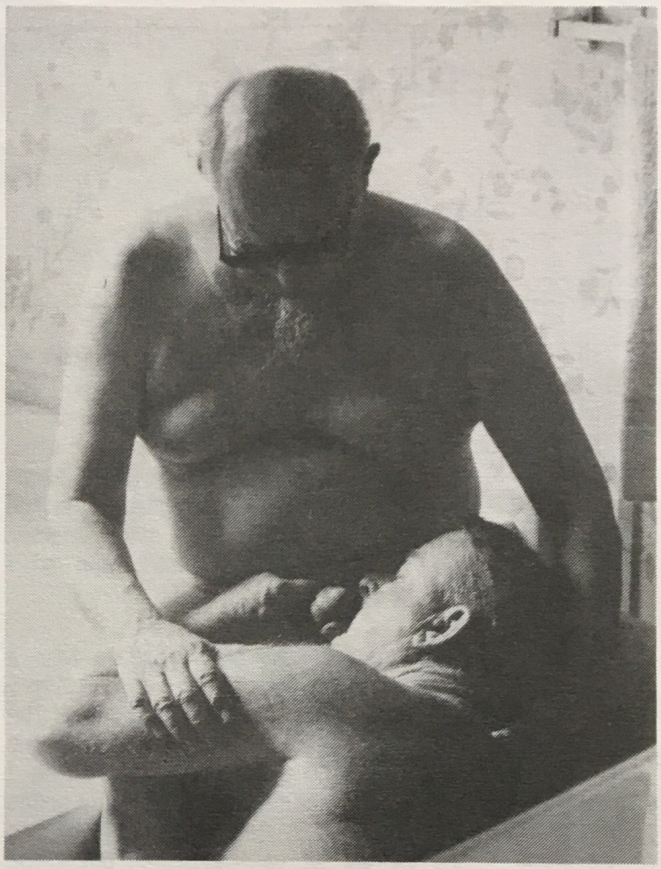
Grunt, then suggested that we take a tour of the clubhouse. He led me up the stairs, just outside the dining room into the auditorium. The hall was a large rectangle and had a small kitchen all along the rear wall. It was to this room that he led me. We entered and then he closed the door.

He seated himself on a bar stool at one end of the kitchen and unzipped his fly, saying, "You seemed interested in my game equipment down stairs. Perhaps you'd like to test my batting average?" His cock had now assumed the proportions of a child's baseball bat with a thick end and was pulsating in anticipation. His baseball size balls reminded me of two large peaches, slightly puckered, with a soft fuzz surrounding them. His genitals gave off the sweet fragrance of new mown hay. I quickly undid his belt and slipped his pants to his ankles while my mouth hungrily encased his hard prick.

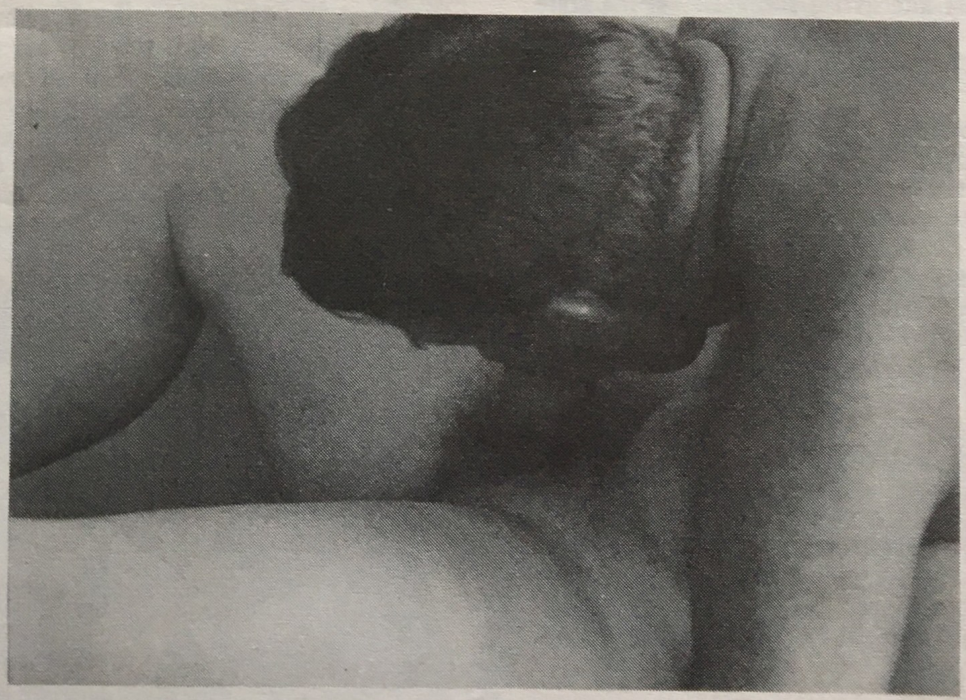
For a man his age, it was exceptionally rigid; but what could you expect from one who had been a pro all his life. The salty taste encouraged me to further vigor as I rapidly took it entirely into my mouth. With a few vacuum strokes I soon caught the first fly of his career. His record remained unbroken as he flooded my receiving field with his tasty hot cum.

It was at this time that I learned why he had the nickname of Grunt. As each spurt of his seed left his frame a loud appreciative grunt echoed from his mature body. What a name....'Grunt' Cumming and one that he sure lived up to as his body quivered with enjoyment. The band concert in the park could also be heard in the background playing an old time favorite..."Pop goes the Weasel" What a climax for a hot summers day !





BEER CAN THICK and THE FRIAR.....photos by P.H. COLLEY



Big
Eddie

ELIO
by BORDEN LEWIS
THIS EPISOD...
"BLAST-OFF"
FEATURING "DOOG"
©1988
5...
4...
3...
2...
1...

ELIO
by BORDEN LEWIS
THIS EPISODE...
"HARD WORKER"
FEATURING "OL' SLIM"
PLANS
REPORTED
TAVERN
©1988

ELLIO
by BORDEN LEWIS
THIS EPISODE...
"FISHIN' POLES"
WITH KENNY
©1988
FOR CHIZON

ELIO
by BORDEN LEWIS
THIS EPISODE...
"THE OVERNITER"
FEATURING "KENNY"
© 1988
XXX!

THE PARK BENCH RESIDENT

BY BILL HARRIS

Each afternoon I would see the old man sitting on the park bench, staring aimlessly ahead. He showed no interest in feeding the birds, talking to the other park habitues or joining in any pursuits of a life that had, to all appearances, passed him by.

His barrel chest, beer belly and huge arms filled with faded tatoos seemed to identify a former laborer who had worked hard all his life. The leathery skin gave him a look of hardness that the pale blue eyes defied. Yes, here had been a tough man who had taken his lumps. Every scar, every wrinkle, every pore suggested a machoism that could not be denied.

I had visions of this big burly truck driver balling every truck stop waitress from Ft. Worth to Ft. Lauderdale and from St. Helens to St. Petersburg. Yes, and he must have held the ears of some cocksuckers in rest stops saying, "Suck that cock, you fucking cocksucker."

All the ingredients were there for a sexy young dude who had only to identify his target, remove whatever obstacles got in his way and then hit the bull's eye.

But now? Has he given up at age 70? Has our youth-oriented society left him thinking he is no longer sexy and the field is for younger studs? What's he thinking as he stares into space, acknowledging no one? Is he silently reminiscing about those bygone times? Is there a way I could find out what is going on in the mind of that gorgeous silent hunk?

After several days of my mental machinations, I decided to take the bull by the horns. I sat beside him on the bench and said, "A penny for your thoughts."

He slowly raised his eyes to acknowledge me and, after what seemed an intolerably awkward time, he said, "You'd be overpaying."

I felt a major breakthrough. He had a sense of humor and he was not averse to a gesture of friendliness. I was excited, to put it mildly. I had planned my approach carefully, but now none of the lines I had prepared so well were forthcoming. I was tongue-tied. Finally, I asked some asinine question like, "Do you live near here?"

Whatever it was, we stumbled through some conversation. He answered mostly in monosyllables as if he were distrustful of anyone who might find him interesting enough to talk to. The situation never ceased to be awkward. I finally left and asked permission to talk to him again. He okayed that.

That night I could think about nothing--I was in love with that silent hunk of manhood. His manner was as macho as his appearance. Regardless of his self-image, he was one hell of a sexy guy. How would I get around to the subject of sex? There had to be a way.

The next day I joined him and he gave a weak smile when I greeted him. Was he glad to see me? Was his aloofness merely a front that was disguising a lonely man who wanted companionship, but had written it off as impossible at his age? I was convinced it was true.

I introduced myself and reached out to shake his hand. My average-sized hand was lost in the rough ham-like appendage he extended. I kept thinking, ***what a hunk!***

I guessed that he had been a truck driver. I was right--at least for most of his life. I asked him where he drove and he said he had driven everywhere, but his last several years were between Texas and Maine. I tried to sound knowledgeable about this profession, which had always intrigued me (no doubt for the macho image and for the many stories I have heard about the availability of truck drivers).

To my assertion that he must have driven the truck stop waitresses wild, he said, "I guess I had my share, but that was a long time ago."

I said, "Don't tell me you've given up sex."

He merely replied, "It gave ***me*** up."

I was so excited that I had gotten him to talk about sex that my mouth became dry and I felt I could hardly talk. I took advantage of the opportunity, though, to ask him how long it had been since he had sex and he estimated ten years.

I was excited to the point of having a hard on, but got more confident and said, "You're a sexy looking guy. If you're not having sex, it must be your idea."

He actually laughed aloud and I hoped I had not been too forward and blown the whole scene.

He then said, "Me, sexy looking?" I can't believe even a dick licker would find me sexy. Is that what you are?"

He was still smiling slightly and I thought I could judge from the gleam in his eye that a true revelation of my sexual orientation would not be met with antagonism. I said, "Well, I've never heard it referred to that way, but I guess I am. Is that bad?"

"Who the hell am I to say what's good and bad. Back in my younger and hornier days, my dick took what was available."

That remark did it! My heart was beating wildly. I then asked if that meant he had had a lot of blow jobs.

He smiled and said, "I wouldn't be much of a truck driver if I hadn't, would I?"

My own cock was hard as a brick inside my briefs; I couldn't recall such excitement before. If this was to be a conquest, I couldn't remember a more exciting one--ever. If I had been asked to create a perfect hunk, this would have been it.

Since there could be no better opening than this conversation, I asked him if he would like to go to my place. He said it was time for his neice, who he lived with, to return from work. And, since she would be

worried if he wasn't home, he guessed he had better say no.

I asked him if he would be available tomorrow and he said, "I'll think about it. I'd adjusted myself to the thought that I'd never have sex again--I don't know whether I want to mess with that. Maybe I'll see you here tomorrow."

With that, we parted company. I somehow floated home--I don't remember the walk. Every particle of my libido had been brought into full potency. As soon as I was indoors, I threw off my clothes and had one of the most rewarding jerk offs that I had experienced in a long, long time. But then I began to worry--would he decide overnight that he didn't want to reactivate his sex urges? How could I reassure him that it would not be just a one night stand? What are the excuses he might give? Would I have answers? Would he even show up tomorrow? My body raced through my routine activities for the rest of the day and night, but he was never out of my consciousness. Sleep? Forget it. I could hardly wait for the next afternoon. I had played out every scenario my mind could conjure up.

The next day I went to the park two hours earlier than usual. He was not there. My stomach churned, but then maybe I was too early. If he didn't show, what would I do?

My seemingly long-term agony was actually only about 15 minutes when I saw him approaching. His movements were slow, but deliberate and almost metronomic.

He greeted me with a solemn hello and took his usual seat, which I had deliberately left for him. I had rehearsed so many scenarios I didn't know which one to activate. I didn't want to waste so much time on preliminaries that we might reach coming-home time for his neice before anything was accomplished. After the usual corny conversation ice-breakers, I plunged in head first (not in any script) by saying, "I hope you've decided to come home with me."

There seemed to be a long hesitation before he said, "Why not?"

What a relief! What a joy! What a man!

So we walked the two blocks to my apartment. When he sat on the sofa, I offered him a drink and he chose a beer. I poured us each one. It was a toss up as to which of us was feeling more awkward.

After a few sips of beer and the situation became a bit more relaxed, I moved over and started to unbutton his freshly laundered shirt. He said nothing, but offered no aid or resistance. I removed it and stared at the massive, hairy barrel chest with two well -defined protruding nipples. His belly and chest made an inviting mound of heavily thatched white skin.

I changed position so my mouth was even with and facing those sensuous nipples. The impulse was to be gluttonous and attack his chest with complete gusto. But, no, I must be patient, I though, so I began to lick his chest, working my tongue gradually toward those sexy nipples. I licked them lightly at first, then gradually began sucking them, widening the reach until I had the entire tit in my hot mouth. His eyes were closed; his nipples hardened and I sensed I was on the right track. He tasted of Ivory soap. I made a mental note to educate him to the fact that a faint odor of sweat was preferable to soap, but that could come in time.

When I had sucked his tits thoroughly and had licked his entire chest and upper belly, I began to loosen his trousers. With that he rose and stripped off his shoes, socks, pants and boxer shorts. And there it was, fully exposed--paradise! I must make it last, I thought. I must leave him wanting to return!

I got on my knees in front of him to better worship at the shrine. I began licking his hard, ample thighs. They were still as hard as a rock. I began at the knee and gradually moved my hot lips closer and closer to that land of enchantment I could target as the ultimate objective.

As I moved my tongue closer and closer to the crotch area, I could feel him tense. I knew he was enjoying it, even though he was not uttering a sound. I moved my sucking plane from the thighs to the upper belly. Even though his hair was gray, he still had a thick bush of black pubic hair. I nuzzled and caressed that area, grazing my cheek against his hard tool.

His cock must have measured six inches, and he had low hanging balls that were as egg-sized as they were egg-shaped. I ran my tongue over his balls, gradually taking them into my mouth one at a time. Fortunately or unfortunately, they were too big to take both in at once. He was beginning to groan now with ecastasy. After giving his ample balls a thorough sucking, I ran my tongue up the lower side of his beautiful prick, moving slowly from the balls to the underneath side of his piss slit. Now he was moaning audibly. With my tongue probing his slit, I very, very slowly lowered my mouth over his pulsating rod. I hoped he was enjoying this as much as I was. When I reached the base of his cock, I closed my lips and held it immobile in my mouth. It was throbbing hard as it begged for action.

I began sucking his cock with an up and down movement that was slowly increasing in speed and intensity when he muttered, "This is the best thing that's happened to me in twenty years. Don't stop sucking."

Needless to say, I didn't. I continued to move from his hard dick to his swinging balls and his whole pubic area--a gourmand's delight. I spent an hour savoring every miniscule particle of his sexual surface.

When I thought he was at his peak of enjoyment, I went back to that hard, hot rod and sucked with my ultimate skill, which I had honed through years of practice. It was not long before I felt his breath becoming heavier and faster; I could feel his balls rise and I knew he was ready to shoot that juice I had tasted so many times in my fantasies of the last two days.

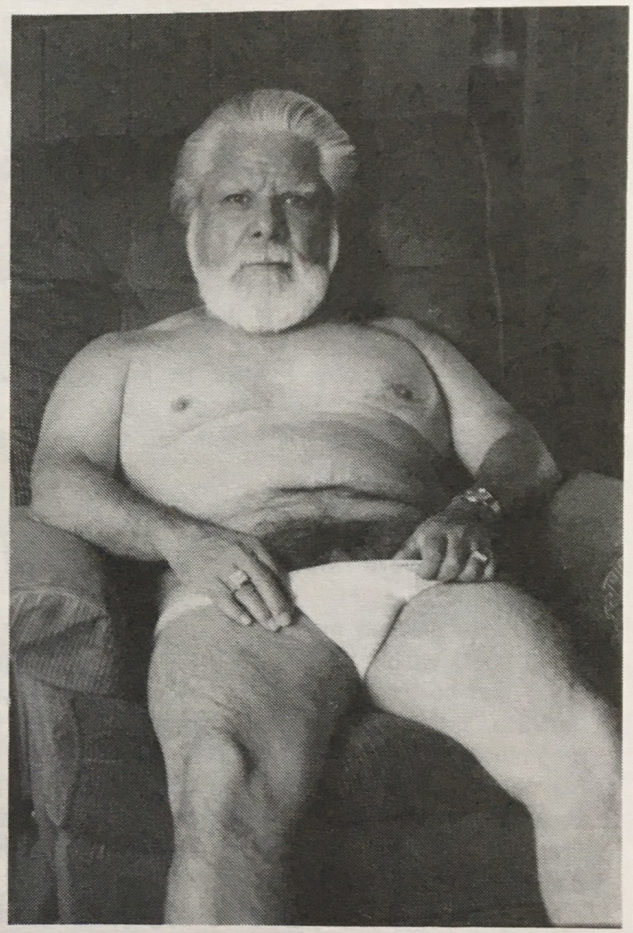
Then, with a loud moan and a forward thrust that almost caused me to lose my hold, he shoved his cock as far into my throat as it would go and let the blast begin. This was a moment in eternity that I wanted

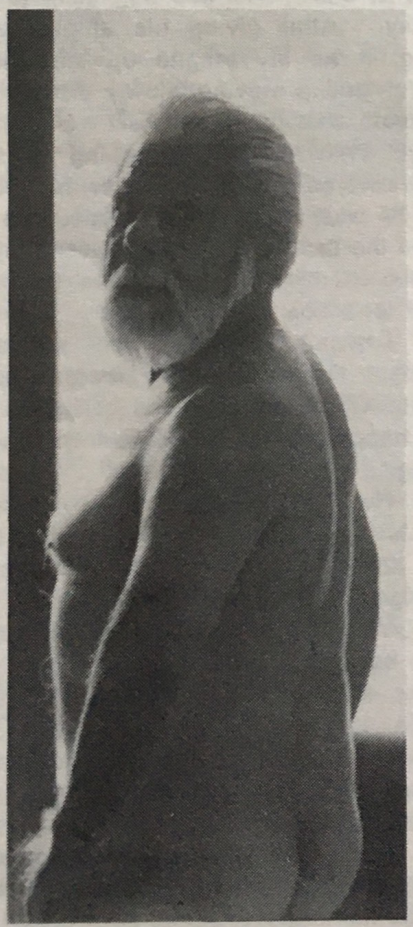
to last forever. Had he saved that load for ten years? It felt like it. He was now thoroughly spent and fell back in a posture of total relaxation.

I held onto his now softening prick and was able with my tongue to guide the foreskin back over that luscious head. He opened his eyes and smiled approvingly. I smiled approvingly. I resisted the temptation to plant a big kiss on his luscious mouth through fear of ruining a good thing. But I turned over and let the back of my head rest on his now soft dick. I kissed his stomach. There was a long silence while both of us reflected on our pleasure. I don't remember the words that finally broke the silence. Our unfinished beers were now room temperature, so I replenished them and we made plans for a repeat tomorrow, same time, same place.

Know what? That park bench has lost a resident. If you're looking for a 70 year old, barrel-chested, pot-bellied, hard-cocked hunk of perfection, then call at my apartment Monday through Friday between one and four p.m. On second thought, don't even try, because the door and the telephone don't get answered during that period. I guess it's love.

P.S. Yes, we now kiss--long, wet and deep--and that ain't all!



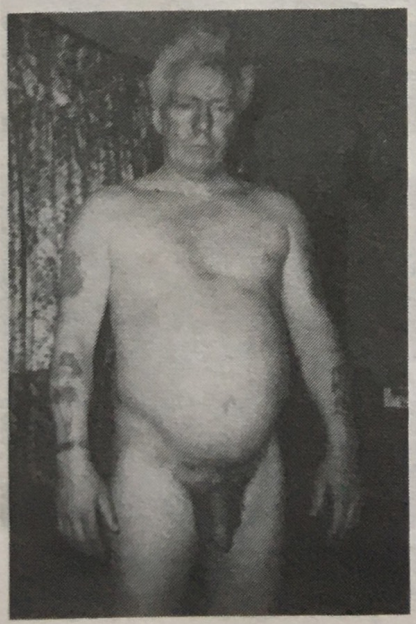


EL CID.....photos by P.H. COLLEY

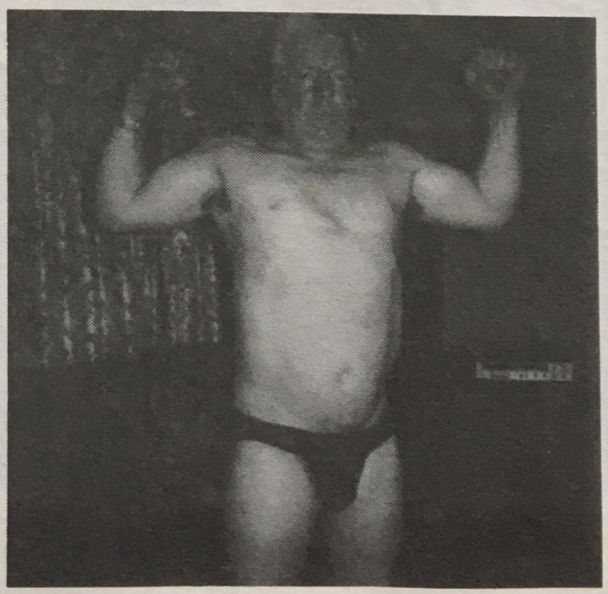
EX-LOGGER.....photo by SIMBA

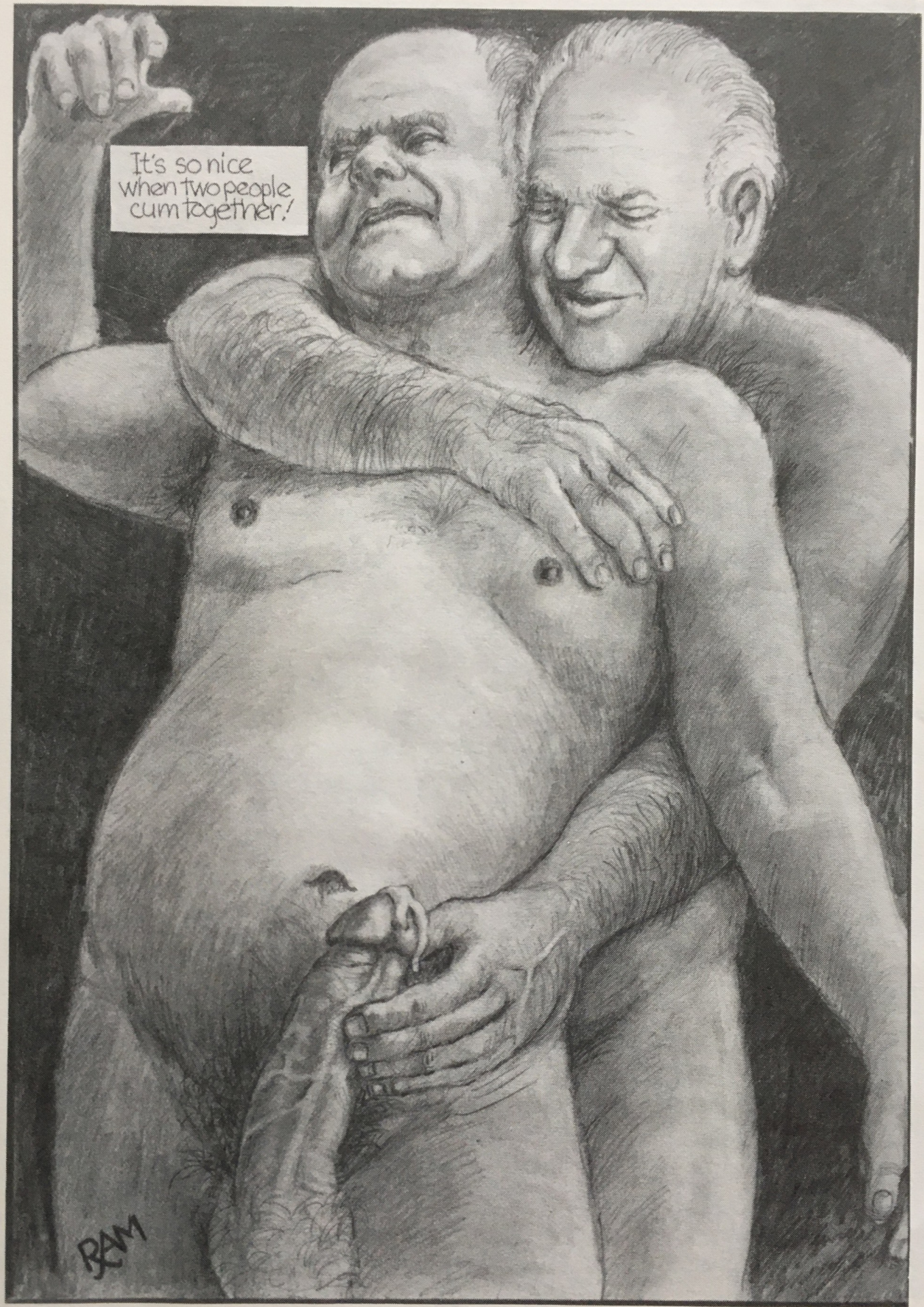
EX-LOGGER.....photo by SIMBA

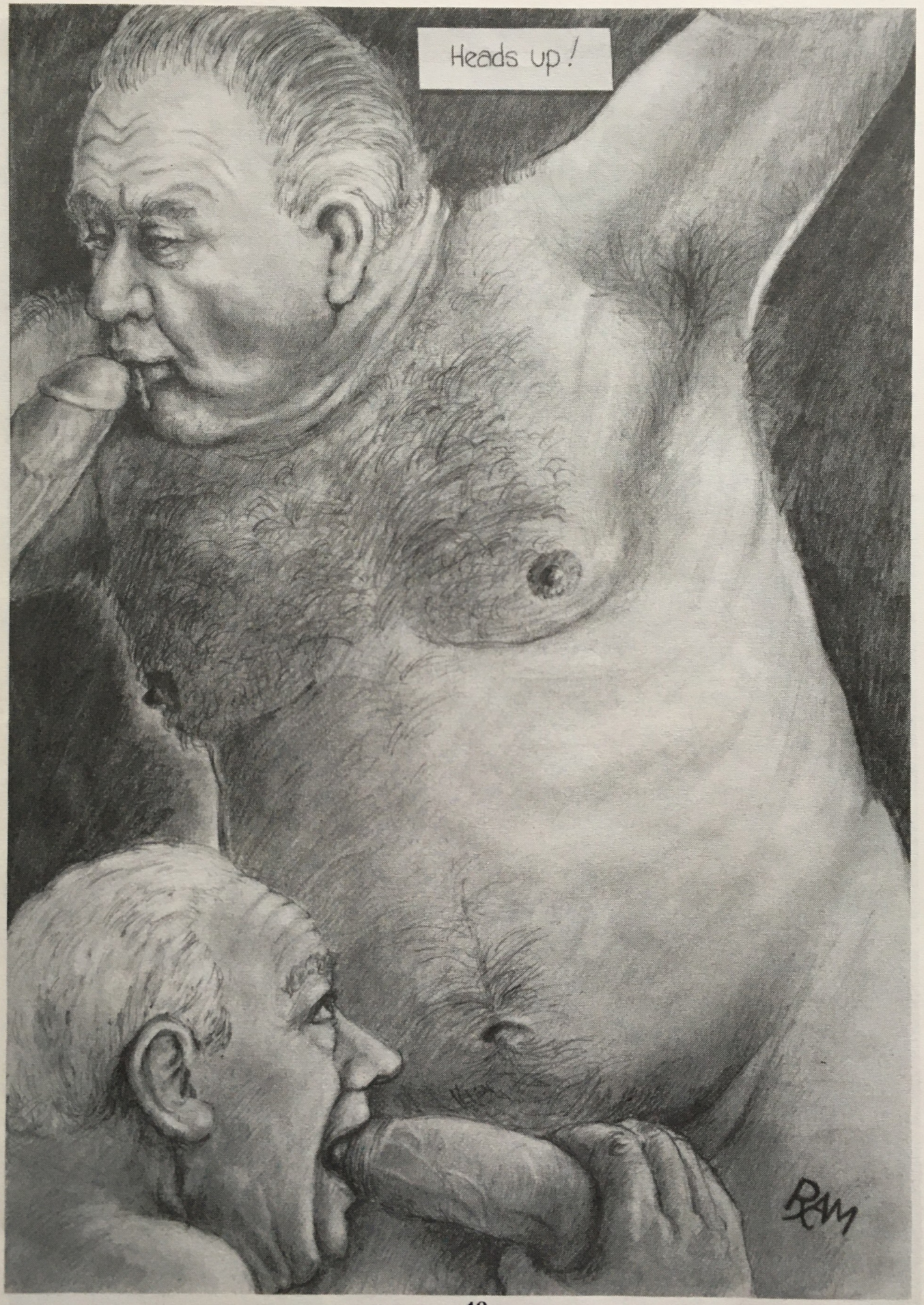
SYRINX.....photo by THE FRIAR



SPITFIRE.....photos by BIG GEORGE

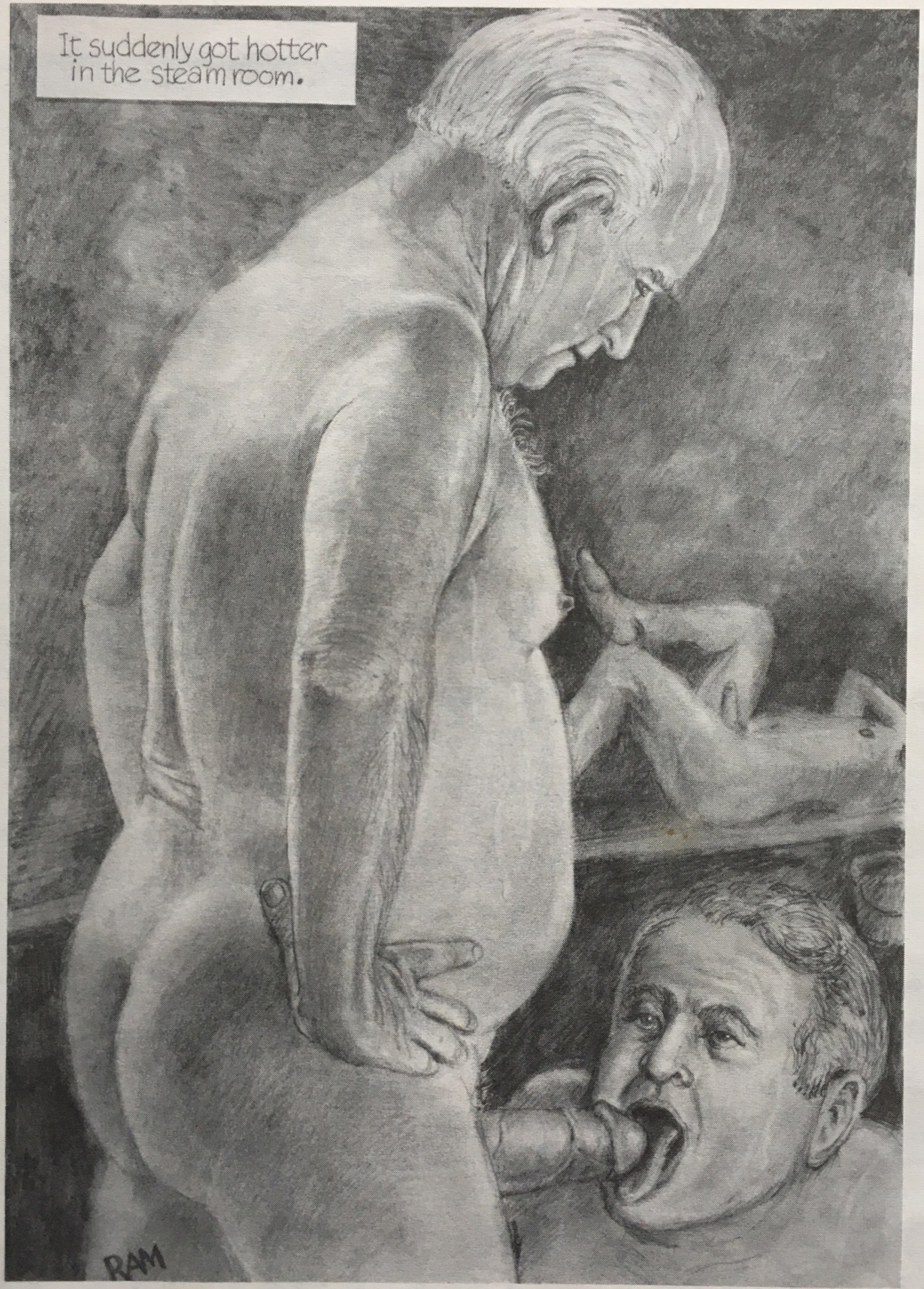



It's so nice when two people cum together!
RAM


Heads up!
RAM

The manager and the umpire found a better way to settle their differences!
BAST
BAM

Come on just
kiss it a little!
RAM


It suddenly got hotter in the steam room.
RAM

THE BIKER.....photo by KENT JUSTICE

IN CLOSING

THE OLD WOLF.....by Marv Shaw

The wolf hadn't been aware that he was aging. True, he sometimes felt a little stiff in the joints, but he still did a sharp trot weekends to all the smart spots. And he thought the graying of his muzzle just made him look distinguished. Nevertheless, he could hardly help noticing that the life around him was changing. Larry and Lambert Lynx, his best friends, suddenly retired to a mountain lair above Grass Valley. Mickey Marten had a heart attack--only 55. The Deep Spring took out its piano bar and put in a disco setup. No longer did the juke boxes have songs like, "I've Got You Under My Fur," or "Almost Like Being In Heat." They had strange stuff like "Whelped In The U.S.A."

One night at The Salt Lick, Wolf looked around and realized that everyone else there was younger than he--and he didn't know any of them. Worst of all, everybody seemed to look right through him. Wolf had the creepy feeling that he had ceased to exist. Panicky, he began doing things he had never done before. He put on a dangly earring. At The Deep Spring he got out on the dance floor alone and tried to gyrate like the others. Nobody joined him. He tried to have a brunch, but only Wesley Weasel and his latest hustler, a bleached blond ferret, showed up. Wolf became depressed.

The last straw was an episode in the back gulley at The Wallow, when everyone avoided him. Wolf realized he needed help. He went to Olivia Owl.

"Join something," intoned Olivia, sagely.

"But what?!" howled Wolf, dejectedly.

"Whatever you're interested in," Olivia hooted, softly.

Wolf pondered. He considered Lodestar Chapel, but then he had never been churchy. He wondered about the Paul Goodman Grassroots Politicos, but the prospect of all that wrangling discouraged him. Then one day in the HOMOPHILE HERALD he saw a notice for The Gaytto Historical Project. *I guess that's me*, he thought, wryly.

The meeting was in a cozy red parlor full of old theatrical posters. He accepted a cup of sassafrass tea from a scholarly looking moose and put his paw print in the guest book. When four others appeared, all looking pretty young, Wolf felt like bolting, but he gritted his teeth and resolved to stick it out. The first order of business concerned The Gray Cougar, an early bar that Wolf remembered well.

"It was on Deer Run, near the Lower Meadow," began Moose.

"Oh, no it wasn't," cut in Wolf, at once. "It was on Bear Track, where it meets Willow Marsh. I know because I met my first lover there when I was barely twenty-one."

The others stared in astonishment.

"You mean you were actually there?" stuttered a sleek mink.

"Of course!"

After a moment's silence, Moose made a notation, and then, smiling, said to the newcomer, "Are you ever going to be valuable to us!"

Wolf relaxed completely.

* * * * * * * * *

CHIRON RISING is committed to providing nurturing fantasies, entertainment and beneficial articles for the well being and dignity of all gay and bisexual seniors and those who love and care for them. We are dedicated to the celebration and pursuit of the Silver Centaur. May we all find one another and bring peace into our lives.